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47. 630.

SIX WEEKS IN IRELAND.

LONDON :
Edward Newman, Printer, 9, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate.

NARRATIVE

OF

A RECENT JOURNEY

OF

SIX WEEKS IN IRELAND,

IN CONNEXION WITH

THE SUBJECT OF SUPPLYING SMALL SEED

TO SOME OF

THE REMOTER DISTRICTS:

WITH

CURRENT OBSERVATIONS ON THE DEPRESSED CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PEOPLE,

AND THE

MEANS PRESENTED FOR THE PERMANENT IMPROVEMENT OF THEIR SOCIAL CONDITION.

'Nor will I give the slightest countenance to any consideration of Ireland as a thing separate and apart from ourselves."—OLD MS.

BY

WILLIAM BENNETT.

LONDON:

CHARLES GILPIN, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

JOHN HATCHARD & SON, PICCADILLY.

DUBLIN: J. CURRY, JUN. & CO.

M.DCCC.XLVII.

" In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."—Ecclesiastes xi. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following record of a simple individual effort is from memoranda and letters written principally to my sister, one of the working members of the Ladies' Irish Clothing Committee of London. It is not that an additional testimony is needed to the depth and extent of the visitation which has been permitted to desolate our sister-isle; nor to their patient endurance of sufferings, which it is believed are unparalleled among any other people, at least in Europe and in modern times. It is simply, that in a protracted period of such severe and wide-spread calamity, the field is open to every variety and extent of labour, while the humblest contribution is kindly received. In the prosecution of the object, likewise, some spots have been visited which had not before obtained

the same degree of personal investigation. Some account is also felt to be due to those who have lent their aid and sympathy, and to the general interest and inquiry which have now been awakened in the way of information on whatever may concern the present state or more permanent welfare of Ireland; and which is disposed to look with indulgence on every practical effort to mitigate one pang of her accumulated and varied sufferings, to counteract in any degree those causes which have left her peasantry without resource on the constant verge of famine, or to grapple with the evils resulting from her social condition.

Should these notes and observations, which the writer feels have been crudely put together under much difficulty, create any additional interest in the state of some of the remote and neglected corners of the sister-land—in the wide field there offered for humanity and usefulness—in the means of her permanent improvement—in the features of her attractive and magnificent scenery,—should they have any effect in abating one prejudice—in

awakening any fresh sympathy, or in keeping up any warmth of feeling and affection, he will be amply repaid and his object answered. They have been written out rather as a debt; and, the journey having extended from north to south, and twice from east to the extreme west of the island, over a distance of not less than 1,500 miles, much beyond what was at first anticipated, they have unconsciously swollen under his hands. Having often enjoyed her simple and social hospitality, it is felt as a tribute not less due in this her hour of deep tribulation and anguish, of humility and woe. The whole journey has been a painful, but now upon the retrospect, a most deeply interesting one. He has endeavoured to confine these Letters to such details only as are characteristic of something in the state and circumstances of the people, or otherwise closely connected with his subject; and it was never his intention to have written a BOOK.

The proceeds will be devoted to Irish relief.

London, 1*st of* 7*th mo.* 1847.

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SIX WEEKS IN IRELAND.

LETTER I.

BALLINA.

6th—13*th of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

APPREHENDING there could not be a much greater service, or more beneficial appropriation of some small funds, than in the purchase of seeds for green crops, and the distribution of them in some of the most remote districts of Ireland, where they could not otherwise have been obtained by the poor people, I started on this mission, accompanied by my eldest son, on the 6th day of the 3rd month. I had previously conferred with the Relief Committee of the Society of Friends in London, in the hopes they would give the subject a wider range, by taking it on their own hands. They kindly gave me every personal encouragement; but were too full-handed, and, as a Committee, did not feel at liberty to take it up any further. A Friend, too well known for his unbounded liberality and large contributions through

almost every channel opened for Irish subscriptions, to need being mentioned by name, on hearing of my object, immediately sent an authority which *doubled* the sum I had been able to appropriate to this purpose. Several other Friends kindly sent me smaller amounts. The Ladies' Irish Clothing Committee placed at my disposal £50, and three of their largest bales of clothing, besides a box of arrow-root and ginger, for distribution wherever I saw need. These unsolicited and substantial proofs of sympathy in the object were a great encouragement, but they added much to my feeling of responsibility in entering upon the undertaking.

Thus strengthened, we proceeded direct to Belfast; spent two or three days in obtaining information, seeing parties, and attending the Quarterly Meeting for Ulster, held at Lisburn; and left for Dublin on the 10th. It was a heavy snow storm on the way to the train, but did not continue long. We heard the most distressing accounts of the state of the Lurgan poor-house, and of the mortality within its walls. Along the road there was a fair quantity of agricultural labour going forward; and from all our inquiries, we have reason to believe there is a considerably greater breadth of land under corn, and likewise of the better qualities, in this part of the country, than

usual; and far more potatoes were likely to be set than had been anticipated. The Mourne mountains came out grand, and almost alpine, under their canopies of snow, which remained on all the higher ground. One could fancy the towns looked dull, and many shutters were observed up in passing through, but there was no marked appearance of distress along the public road.

I attended the sitting of the Central Relief Committee in Dublin on the 11th. Their organization and mode of transacting business appeared complete; and it was said they had as extensive a correspondence to conduct as any mercantile counting-house in Dublin. Some Friends devote almost their whole time, giving up day and night to its concerns and management, and to the work of the sub-committees. The supply of seed, however, they thought a very questionable mode of rendering relief, and requiring great caution. An opinion was even expressed, that all which had been done for Ireland in the way of relief has only acted injuriously. The unwearied labours and devotedness of the Committee themselves bespeak another hope and sentiment. Some statements on the great saving in human food, amounting to a large per centage — a most important consideration in times like these—that would be

effected by the use of "whole meal" instead of fine flour, were made by a Friend, whose opinion likewise, on its greater wholesomeness for all classes, is entitled to no small weight, as a member of the medical profession.

My arrangements for the supplies of seed were made with the house of W. Drummond and Sons, Dawson-street, whose agricultural museum at Stirling I had the opportunity of visiting last summer with great interest. I have to acknowledge the readiness and liberality with which the resident partner entered into my views, and afforded every information and assistance, in the way of recommending the best and most suitable sorts, which their great local knowledge and extensive experience enabled them to do. They had facilities likewise for subsequent transmission to the different remote localities; and they sent a copious supply of their simple printed directions for sowing and cultivating each particular sort. My selection consisted of the several varieties of turnip, principally Swedes, the white Belgium carrot, and mangel-wurzel. A small quantity of cabbage, in sorts, some flax, and some parsnip seed, were afterwards added. Two hundred weight, in proportions of each, were packed up to take with us, being as much as could very conveniently be carried by coach; and

a few agricultural pamphlets of their recommendation for distribution.

Thus equipped, we left Dublin on the 12th, by day-coach, for Boyle. The provision-boats on the canal near Mullingar were guarded by policemen on board, needlessly as it seemed to me. The first evidence of the extreme distress of the times we witnessed was in the spectacle of a corpse exposed in the public road, death having apparently been the work of starvation. Not far from this, in an angle of the way side, under a low temporary erection of straw, was a poor family down in fever. We met along the road multitudes of emigrants, mostly on foot, with their bundles on their backs, proceeding to Dublin. A few had more than they could thus carry; and it was an affecting sight to observe numerous whole families, with their worldly ALL packed up on a donkey-cart, attempting to look gay and cheerful, as they cast a wistful glance at the rapidly passing by coach-passengers; and thus abandoning a country which should have nourished them and their children. We met several hundreds in the course of this morning only, and the guard assured me it was the same every day, and thicker at the week's commencement. Except in the increased beggary in the towns,—always great in Ireland,—wherever the coach stopped, and which was particularly im-

portunate in Longford, there was no other unusual appearance of poverty along this line of road. The land, however, was evidently much neglected, or lying wholly waste. The absence of pigs was also a remarkable feature to an eye accustomed to Ireland. The difference in the face of the country, and in the appearance of the peasantry and their habitations, from the influence of a resident benevolent and kind-hearted family, was particularly evident about Edgeworth's-town, and again in the neighbourhood of Lord Lorton's, before entering Boyle.

Our guard was one of those shrewd, intelligent, well-informed, clear-thinking men, not unfrequently met with in that and similar capacities in Ireland. A gentleman who got up on the coach, full of the one-sided views and oblique mode of reasoning so common among a certain class, had no chance with him in argument, on the subject of Ireland's grievances. He quoted Latin and Shakspere with great fluency and appropriateness. Land is let in this part at £5, £7, £12, and £14 per acre, on the *conacre* plan. I afterwards heard of £20 per acre, but was not able to substantiate so high a rental. The word "Gombien," and prevalence of the "Gombien system," was new to me; though I find it exposed and commented on in the able letters of the "Times Commissioner,"

No. 20. I cannot but think that it only requires to be fully brought out to the light, and generally known, to cease to exist altogether. The poor cottier having taken his plot of ground on conacre,—that is, for the present crop, and no further interest in it,—requires seed, and having no money to purchase it, he goes to a Gombien man. This man sells him potatoes, or oats, or whatever else it may be, on the *credit of the harvest*, taking his I. O. U. at 50, 70, and even 100 ℘ cent. profit, according to circumstances, on the current market value of the article. Under any accident or failure, or even in fair seasons, he is often unable to pay this exorbitant price when the time comes round. The Gombien man enters his process for the recovery on the I. O. U., and generally gets the full amount awarded, and often forces the sale of the crop, or anything else the poor fellow possesses, to *himself*, at his own price. Not only is seed-corn, but meal for his present subsistence, often purchased in this way. The poor fellow is hopelessly ground down by this system, which is sufficiently calculated to feed and encourage his natural recklessness and improvidence, and is the fruitful source of innumerable disputes and heart-burnings. I was happy to hear that one of the assistant barristers in the county of Roscommon had set himself resolutely against the system, re-

fusing to award more than fair market price at the time of contract, with customary interest. The practice is prevalent all over the west, and particularly in Mayo.

The want of any direct and permanent interest in the improvement of the soil, and the non-requital of the actual cultivator, arising from the land being usually the only source from which several grades of holders have to extract all the profit they can,—falling therefore with accumulated weight on the last or actual occupier,—is one of the sorest evils of Ireland. While large tracts of land have been let on low terms, and underlet, or leases sold for lives renewable *for ever*,—so that the great proprietor has little interest in, or power over them,—they get divided and subdivided, each at an increased rental, until the small holder pays those enormous rates we hear of under the conacre system. The average rent in Ireland at which arable land is let, is probably more than double the same in England; so that what with conacre rent for his land, and Gombien price for his seed, and ditto for his food, while he tills the land, it is not surprising that the Irish peasant has been kept at the lowest verge of pauperism; for all inducement to industry, beyond the barest living, is in fact withdrawn. A poor man got up on the coach who held 1½ rood taken from the

bare bog, for which he paid 30*s.* at first; built himself a cabin, and was now raised to 35*s.*; and did not doubt he would have his rent again raised, or be turned out, if he *improved it any more.* His immediate landlord paid 7*s.* 6*d.* ℔ *acre, under lease.*

From Boyle we took a car across the country to Ballina. The shores of Lough Garra are wild and dreary, and the whole district increasingly so on approaching the small town of Tobercurry. We here first encountered the public works so called. These consisted in making new roads and altering old ones, in many cases worse than useless, and obviously undertaken without judgment, for the mere sake of employment. Independently of the moral effects of useless labour,—which it is impossible should be otherwise than listlessly pursued,—it was melancholy and degrading in the extreme to see the women and girls withdrawn from all that was decent and proper, and labouring in mixed gangs on the public roads. Not only in digging with the spade, and with the pick, but in carrying loads of earth and turves on their backs, and wheeling barrows like men, and breaking stones, are they employed. My heart often sunk within me at the obviously deteriorating effects of such occupation, while the poor neglected children were crouched in groups around.

the bits of lighted turves in the various sheltered corners along the line. I need scarcely say that the soil was totally neglected here. I conversed with several of the men, and the overseers in many of the gangs,—the car with great difficulty getting along, and having to go walking pace over miles of alterations. The pay was 6*d.* and 7*d.* ℔ day to the girls and women, and 8*d.* to the men; which being the lowest we met with anywhere, though never exceeding 10*d.*, I shall not have occasion to mention again.

Thrashing out corn in the *middle of the public road*, where every wheel must necessarily pass, was a novelty to me, and clearly indicated the wasteful, as well as backward state of agricultural ideas, and the want of farm buildings.

The country became very dreary, and but thinly inhabited, soon after leaving Tobercurry. It is a cross road but little frequented, winding up among wild hills until it reaches the solitary elevation of Lough Talt,—bounded by the bleak repulsive heights of Slievh Gamph—the northern shore of which it skirts, and then descends into the plain, extending to the shores of Lough Conn, beyond which the eye rested on the broad shoulders of the Nephin range.

At Ballina our first enquiry was for our dear friend Wm. Forster, and his companions, Joseph

C. Harvey and Abraham Taw, whom, to our great pleasure, we found had not left the town. W. F. had been engaged a day or two at Killala and Ballycastle, and had only just returned. We lost no time in communicating with them.

LETTER II.

BALLINA—BELMULLET.

14th—*16th of 3rd mo.* 1847.

THIS was First-day morning. At 11 o'clock we went to sit down with Wm. Forster and his companions, at their hotel. It was probably the first time a Friends' Meeting had been held in this place; and the circumstances were such as to awaken many deep reflections. I think I was never more sensible of the value and privilege of our simple views, in the belief that acceptable worship may be performed, where "two or three" are gathered together in silence and retirement, without dependence upon place, or building, or appointed ministration.

We returned to spend part of the afternoon and evening with them. It did not require to be long in their company to become conscious of the great personal labour our dear friend had undertaken, which indeed he could hardly have got through but for very able assistance. Wm. Forster's mind seems wholly occupied with his mission; which only those who are able to enter into a little of

its working and details can have any idea of the weight and burden of. Besides the journeyings and various labours of the day, the filling up needful arrangements, and the necessary writing and correspondence usually occupied them far into the night. W. F. introduced me to a gentleman residing in one of the extreme corners of Erris, of whom I shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

Next morning, under the guidance of Abraham Taw, we proceeded to visit a widow lady about four miles off, on the old Killala road, who had called upon them, and whose case had much interested them, though not coming exactly within their province. We found a small, but neatly-furnished cottage, with signs of having been used to comfort and even elegance. She held about forty acres, on three lives and thirty-one years, and had come to the property, I think, since the decease of her husband. Her tenants had all deserted her in arrear; and the land was consequently lying waste and neglected, being all thrown upon her own hands, without the means of cropping it, and no rental whatever. She had little doubt of being able to obtain labour if she had seed. Here then commenced our first distribution. We left with her sufficient to cover about one-fourth of her land, if carefully and economically

laboured, with the printed directions for the culture of green crops, as everywhere else where they were not much known. In Ballina we found a Protestant clergyman who was doing all he could to influence the poor people not to neglect their land, and had commenced employing eight whom he knew in preparing their respective plots, in the hope of procuring them seed. We had much pleasure in giving him a supply of such as we had; in this, as well as in every future case, taking an acknowledgment of the purpose for which they were given, and requesting a return of results, under the several heads.

Ballina has more the appearance of one of the new-born American cities than perhaps any other place in Ireland. There is a fine river, broad quays, large newly-built piles of warehouses, and a country around it still in the rough. It had a rising trade, and was rapidly increasing, until checked by the present calamity. In the afternoon we took the mail-car to Belmullet, in Erris.

It is an old saying concerning this remote district of Ireland, that "he who goes into Erris once will certainly go there again." I think the saying may have originated in the exceeding rarity of any one going there *at all;* for until within comparatively these very few years there was no road whatever into any part of this "ultima thule"

of the British isles. I know not how this may be, but certain it is that very few have ever visited any portion of the far west of Ireland without having had their admiration drawn forth by its wild and noble scenery, and their best affections awakened for its simple and kind-hearted peasantry, not unmingled with the deepest sympathy. I have sat round the basket of potatoes, in the wilds of Connemara, or among the mountains of Donegal, on some old log or broken stool, in friendly equality with the whole family,—pig and cow inclusive, while they had them,—without guide or protection of any kind; and partaken of their simple but hearty hospitality, with the greatest unwillingness on their part to accept of the smallest return; and on leaving, often attended, to be shown the way further "for the love of your honour's company." I have watched the progress of the present calamity, too well knowing what the loss of the potato must be to them. The truly pristine state of the country may be best illustrated by the following anecdote, which we heard as a fact, with names, and not a witty invention.

The carriage of the engineer who constructed the present post road was the first wheeled vehicle that had ever been seen in the Mullet. How it got there was a mystery to the good people; but it was not accomplished without taking sufficient

planks with them, which were placed down before the carriage, step by step, for it to be dragged over the bogs. At the further extremity of the Mullet, he was not a little surprised and delighted to find a most respectable lady and her daughters living in the best style circumstances around them enabled. The young ladies were charmed beyond measure with the novelty of the carriage, amusing themselves greatly by running up and down, in and out, shutting each other in, and such like gambols. They were acquainted with six different languages, could paint, sing, and play on the piano, but had never seen *a tree, a bridge, a flight of stairs, or a wheeled carriage of any kind.* Their accomplishments were accounted for by the circumstance of a foreign vessel having been driven in distress some years before, and landed a young artist, who acted as tutor, with a piano, and other auxiliaries.

The afternoon proved stormy and wet. The driving mist and rain, really painful with the violence of the blast, from which there is no protection in these open cars, hid the view of Lough Conn and the bases of the great Nephin mountains; but their summits were occasionally seen looming above the clouds. We found in Father ———, Roman Catholic priest in Belmullet, our only fellow-passenger, a gentleman who gave us

much local information concerning this capital, that is, the *only town* in the wide barony of Erris.

The poor little town of Crossmolina exhibited great wretchedness. Beyond this there is not a tree to be seen. The country becomes one dreary waste of bog and moorland, here called "mountain," while the more elevated ground is designated "hill." The barony of Erris is entered at Corragh bridge, just where the Owenmore, coming down from the northern hills, crosses the road, and makes a sharp turn to the left, to avoid Nephin Beg, and the still nearer and loftier Slievh Cor. The deep winding ravine through which the Owenmore now forces its way, and accompanies the road to Bangore, is wild and romantic in many parts. This river was said to be one of the most attractive in Ireland for the angler. Lough Carrowmore, which drains into it further on, but two miles from the sea, is also "full of the finest fish," including abundance of salmon, uncaught for want of skill and the requisite appliances. We lost the beautiful views of Broadhaven on the one hand, and Blacksod Bay on the other, with the mountains of Achill, and the many islands and promontories indenting the ocean, for want of daylight.

The whole of this wild country is full of tradi-

tions of old heroes and giants, and of the doings of the fairies, and of the "good people" or "gentry," so called; and certainly no tract or region could seem to be better adapted to a belief in their freaks and vagaries. A sensible man who rode some way by the side of the car, one of the small independent farmers, who was wishing to sell what he had, and be off to America while he had anything left, told us of a skeleton he had himself found, fourteen Irish feet in length, while occupying a part of the island of Inniskea, off the coast.

The car was hailed by a voice, somewhat startling at that time of night and place, calling me by name, which proved to be that of a man-servant, kindly sent on the look out by our friend residing within about a mile of the town, and whose thoughtful hospitality, with even this little shortening of the journey, we were truly glad to make certain of, in exchange for the chance and unknown accommodation that might be met with in the town.

Our friend was the rector of Kilcommon, with whom we had had much correspondence on the state of this district, from the first of the calamity assuming its more dreadful forms. The parish under his charge is 22 miles from north to south, 16½ from east to west, containing 146,000 Irish

acres, and is therefore about the size of the county of Middlesex. It contains (*contained*) 20,000 inhabitants, of whom about 450 are Protestants. He had estimated the deaths in his vicinity from absolute starvation, up to this period, at *upwards of one thousand.*

The morning burst upon us in great beauty. Immediately beneath my window lay the sparkling estuary of Broadhaven, stretching right and left, like a great American river. On a sand-bank left by the tide, near the centre, three or four seals were disporting themselves. The contemplation of the beauty of Nature was, however, soon broken into, by evidences that we were indeed in the land of woe. From early daylight the poor people began to crowd the door. During breakfast they thronged the windows, which presented framed pictures of living groups of want and wretchedness, almost beyond endurance to behold; yet to keep them off the family had long found impossible. One of the valuable bales of clothing from the Ladies' Committee of London had just been received; and the first thing after breakfast we had the pleasure of seeing it partly distributed by the minister's wife and sister. The difficulty of selection was very great, where the supply, though so good and serviceable, was but a drop in the rolling ocean of destitution and na-

kedness; and of course there was a reserve made for known cases at home. We next visited the soup-kitchen, which they had set up themselves, on a small scale at first, in one of their own out-houses, and now extended by assistance received from Wm. Forster and Friends. The lady had also recently instituted employment for thirty poor women in spinning, and the manufacture of a coarse flannel, for which she pays them 2*s.* per week, and proposes to sell the flannel at as cheap a rate as she can to keep the employment going, or according to the support she may obtain. We saw them at work; and she spoke of the improved appearances of the poor women already, their cheerfulness and gratitude for the help and shelter thus afforded, and the circumstance of being employed.

We now proceeded to Belmullet, kindly accompanied by the minister. The miserably clad female forms we met along the public road were disgraceful, — disgusting. This is probably the newest town in Ireland, having just attained its majority of twenty-one years, within which time it has sprung up entirely. Its site is most advantageous, precisely on the narrowest part of the isthmus connecting the Mullet with the main land, here not above three quarters of a mile over. Through this isthmus it is intended to cut a canal,

thus giving the town the advantage of the transit, as well as the two sea-boards. Broadhaven on the north is navigable for small craft only. Blacksod Bay, on which the town more properly stands, is capable of sheltering any navy in the world. The town is regularly built, with a centre, and streets radiating in each direction towards the sea; and possesses a neat quay, an hotel, a school-house, stores and shops supplying most useful articles, and several places of worship.

Our first visit was to the station for curing fish, lately established by Government, for the encouragement of the fisheries, and as a model for private enterprise,—having a parcel of fishing-tackle, from a Friend of Dublin, for the superintendant. We found this gentleman—sent for from Scotland for the purpose—intelligent and obliging, and ready with any information required. The object is to open a market for the poor fishermen, by purchasing their fish, which the officer is prepared to do, in any quantities brought in, at a fair price, but not to interfere with any other channel, if they can find sale elsewhere. The fish is cured and sent to distant markets for sale. He spoke of the establishment having been quite successful, even thus far, in point of profit; and that Government were most desirous of exciting private enterprise in this branch of industry, for which they would

lend every practical assistance. In the curing-vats we saw magnificent specimens of ling and haddock. Cod and turbot abound on the banks a little further out; an improvement in the craft, and the application of skill and a little capital, being all that is requisite to open an abundant field of industry, and insure an ample return.

The school was attended by about ninety children,—two-thirds Catholics. The priest does not object to the simple Scriptures being used. It is supported principally by the aid of the rector. A description of the scenes within the Mullet I must defer to the next letter.

LETTER III.

BELMULLET.

16*th of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

We now proceeded to visit the district beyond the town within the Mullet. The cabins cluster the road-sides, and are scattered over the face of the bog, in the usual Irish manner, where the country is thickly inhabited. Several were pointed out as "freeholders;" that is, such as had come wandering over the land, and "squatted" down on any unoccupied spot, owning no fealty, and paying no rent. Their neighbours had probably built them the cabin in four and twenty hours; expecting the same service in turn for themselves should occasion require it,—which a common necessity renders these poor people always willing to do for each other. Whatever little bit of ground they may reclaim around the cabin is necessarily done as much by stealth as possible; and the appearance of neglect and wretchedness is naturally carried out to the utmost; for should there be any visible improvement, down comes

the landlord or his agent, with a demand for rent. The moral effect of such a state of things is obvious to the least reflecting mind. How far does its existence lie at the very basis of the low social condition of the people? I mention it here not as peculiar to this district. It is an element pervading large portions of Ireland; entering into the very growth of a population ever—by habit and education—on the verge of pauperism, and of whom the landlord, rarely coming near the property, knows little, and unfortunately in many instances cares less. The superior landlord,—the nominal owner of a wide domain,—has often very little interest, and no direct influence; or from incumbrances and limitations,—perhaps ever since it came into his possession,—he finds it a disagreeable and vexatious property, and dislikes it; or is really poor, and yet cannot relieve himself by reason of these difficulties. Here is society dislocated at *both ends*. Is Irish disorganization anything surprising? The natural influences and expenditure of property in creating artificial wants and means of livelihood, withdrawn from their own sources, and the people thrown back entirely upon the soil, with a bounty upon the veriest thriftlessness and least remove above the lowest animal conditions of life! Under such a state of things, —not the accident of to-day, but the steady and

regular growth of years and a system,—a population is nurtured, treading constantly on the borders of starvation; checked only by a crisis like the present, to which it inevitably leads, and almost verifying the worst Malthusian doctrines.

Many of the cabins were holes in the bog, covered with a layer of turves, and not distinguishable as human habitations from the surrounding moor, until close down upon them. The bare sod was about the best material of which any of them were constructed. Doorways, not doors, were usually provided at both sides of the bettermost—back and front—to take advantage of the way of the wind. Windows and chimneys, I think, had no existence. A second apartment or division of any kind within was exceedingly rare. Furniture, properly so called, I believe may be stated at *nil.* I would not speak with certainty, and wish not to with exaggeration,—we were too much overcome to note specifically; but as far as memory serves, we saw neither bed, chair, nor table, at all. A chest, a few iron or earthen vessels, a stool or two, the dirty rags and night-coverings, formed about the sum total of the best furnished. Outside many were all but unapproachable, from the mud and filth surrounding them; the same inside, or worse if possible, from the added closeness, darkness, and smoke. We spent the whole morning in

visiting these hovels indiscriminately, or swayed by the representations and entreaties of the dense retinue of wretched creatures, continually augmenting, which gathered round, and followed us from place to place,—avoiding only such as were known to be badly infected with fever, which was sometimes sufficiently perceptible from without, by the almost intolerable stench. And now language utterly fails me in attempting to depict the state of the wretched inmates. I would not willingly add another to the harrowing details that have been told; but still they are the FACTS of actual experience, for the knowledge of which we stand accountable. I have certainly sought out one of the most remote and destitute corners; but still it is within the bounds of our Christian land, under our Christian Government, and entailing upon us—both as individuals and as members of a human community—a Christian responsibility from which no one of us can escape. My hand trembles while I write. The scenes of human misery and degradation we witnessed still haunt my imagination, with the vividness and power of some horrid and tyrannous delusion, rather than the features of a sober reality. We entered a cabin. Stretched in one dark corner, scarcely visible, from the smoke and rags that covered them, were three children huddled together, lying

there *because they were too weak to rise*, pale and ghastly, their little limbs—on removing a portion of the filthy covering—perfectly emaciated, eyes sunk, voice gone, and evidently in the last stage of actual starvation. Crouched over the turf embers was another form, wild and all but naked, scarcely human in appearance. It stirred not, nor noticed us. On some straw, soddened upon the ground, moaning piteously, was a shrivelled old woman, imploring us to give her something,—baring her limbs partly, to show how the skin hung loose from the bones, as soon as she attracted our attention. Above her, on something like a ledge, was a young woman, with sunken cheeks,—a mother I have no doubt,—who scarcely raised her eyes in answer to our enquiries, but pressed her hand upon her forehead, with a look of unutterable anguish and despair. Many cases were widows, whose husbands had recently been taken off by the fever, and thus their only pittance, obtained from the public works, entirely cut off. In many the husbands or sons were prostrate, under that horrid disease,—the results of long-continued famine and low living,—in which first the limbs, and then the body, swell most frightfully, and finally burst. We entered upwards of fifty of these tenements. The scene was one and invariable, differing in little but the number of the suf-

ferers, or of the groups, occupying the several corners within. The whole number was often not to be distinguished, until—the eye having adapted itself to the darkness—they were pointed out, or were *heard*, or some filthy bundle of rags and straw *was perceived to move*. Perhaps the poor children presented the most piteous and heart-rending spectacle. Many were too weak to stand, their little limbs attenuated,—except where the frightful swellings had taken the place of previous emaciation,—beyond the *power of volition when moved*. Every infantile expression entirely departed; and in some, reason and intelligence had evidently flown. Many were *remnants of families*, crowded together in one cabin; orphaned little relatives taken in by the equally destitute, and even strangers, for these poor people are kind to one another to the end. In one cabin was a sister, just dying, lying by the side of her little brother, just dead. I have worse than this to relate, but it is useless to multiply details, and they are, in fact, unfit. They did but rarely complain. When inquired of, what was the matter, the answer was alike in all,—"*Tha shein ukrosh*,"—*indeed the hunger*. We truly learned the terrible meaning of that sad word "*ukrosh*." There were many touching incidents. We should have gone on, but the pitiless storm had now arisen, beating us

back with a force and violence against which it was difficult to stand; and a cutting rain, that drove us for shelter beneath a bank, fell on the crowd of poor creatures who continued to follow us unmitigatedly. My friend the clergyman had distributed the tickets for meal to the extent he thought prudent; and he assured me wherever we went it would be a repetition of the same all over the country, *and even worse* in the far off mountain districts, as this was near the town, where some relief could reach. It was my full impression that *one-fourth* of those we saw were in a *dying state*, beyond the reach of any relief that could now be afforded; and many more would follow. The lines of this day can never be effaced from my memory. These were our fellow-creatures,—children of the same Parent,—born with our common feelings and affections,—with an equal right to live as any one of us,—with the same purposes of existence,—the same spiritual and immortal natures,—the same work to be done,—the same judgment-seat to be summoned to,—and the same eternal goal.

In returning through the town we called on Alfred Bishop, the Government commissariat, whose affecting letter, describing similar scenes to those we had witnessed, is published in the Report of the Belfast Ladies' Relief Association for Con-

naught. I had much conversation with him, and he afterwards came to spend the evening with us at the minister's. This gentleman had been in all parts of the world. He had been among the native tribes of the most uncivilized countries. In answer to my enquiries, as to whether he had ever seen a people living in so low and degraded a condition as the poor Irish had evidently long been suffered to remain, he replied, "No, not even the Ashantees or wild Indians." He was much grieved that the stores recently landed by the Society of Friends, the only food—among considerable supplies that had now been poured into the town—for gratuitous relief, should for one moment be lying unavailable, as was stated to be the case at that time, for want of powers, or any one in authority to distribute, while this frightful distress was raging around them.

Several of the gentlemen I much wished to see were absent just then. A disgraceful action, in which he was cast in heavy damages, was going on at the Castlebar Assizes, against one of the great landed proprietors, which had required the presence of most in the neighbourhood. This rather shortened my stay in the Mullet. It is hardly necessary to say that the soil—some, perhaps, as fine as any in the country for the growth of green crops—was lying wholly neglected; and

nothing could more affectingly illustrate the deep-sunk poverty of the peasantry than the total absence of live stock, aforetime so teeming in the cottages. One solitary pig, a single ass, no cow, one pony, and a few fowls, were all we saw in the whole morning's round. The few dogs were poor and piteous, and had ceased to bark. We left with the minister, and the neighbouring agent of the principal proprietor, a considerable quantity of carrot, turnip, and mangel-wurzel seed, for the benefit of such of the poor as they could influence and control; and £10 with the minister's wife, from the Ladies' Committee of London, for the promotion of her adult school of female industry, whose number, we soon afterwards heard, was increased to forty.

Before closing this letter, I should like to mention one other cause of the increase of a pauper population, in those districts where they are mostly Roman Catholics, as is the case to an overwhelming majority in the west. It is the encouragement of early marriages by the Catholic priests. Being the principal source from which they derive their income, this is almost inevitable under the present constitution of things. It is well known there is scarcely a greater sin than depriving the priest of his dues. We are aware this is not peculiar to the Catholic Church, but it is more a personal

thing, where there is no State maintenance. While these early connexions are a source of great evil, as promotive of reckless and improvident habits, the fee attached to the solemnization of the rite, which the most indigent always manage to scrape together for the purchase of the blessing on these occasions, operates greatly on the vigilance of the priests on the side of morality. The Protestant clergy discourage early marriages.

LETTER IV.

BELMULLET—ROSSPORT.

17*th*—18*th of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

HAVING given Samuel Bourns—the name of the party I have before mentioned as residing in one of the extreme corners of Erris—an expectation of visiting him, we found him this morning at the breakfast table, having walked over a distance of twelve miles, to meet us. The scene about the minister's house was the same as yesterday, only, I think, a larger number, but orderly and well-behaved. I cannot describe this gentleman's house in any better terms than as the "metropolis" of the poor of the neighbourhood. There were more than two hundred waiting when we came away.

Some idea may be formed of the interest excited by the visit of a stranger to this remote district, when I say that we had scarcely started above a mile for the house of S. Bourns, on foot, when we were overtaken by his neighbour, the only other respectable resident for many miles round, who, with his son, had brought his car, and been to Belmullet in search of us, to give us a lift on

the way. We took the north coast road for some miles, through a region dreary and brown, at this season, but affording ample pasturage for sheep and cattle in the summer time,—now, alas! reported to be nearly swept from the face of the country. Behind, the bold cliffs and promontories of Achill formed a noble outline; and distant views of the great Nephin were obtained on the right. We met many poor persons coming eight, ten, twelve, and we were assured sixteen Irish miles, for a quart or two of meal. This is a great hardship, and arises from the deficiency of stores in a country where the people have been accustomed to grow all they wanted beneath their feet. We met with cases of labourers who, after they had earned their pittance on the roads, had to be out two days and a night, before they could return, with the purchased necessaries, to their families.

A mountain road struck off to the left, which was the right direction for all of us, and brought us to the house of our new acquaintance. He has about 3000 acres under long lease, and is one of those, who, after residing here all his life-time, and bringing up a family, is now cast down by the impoverished state of his small tenantry, and of everything around him, and would be glad to sell out his property, and emigrate elsewhere. It is a wild mountain district; but some fine land, hand-

somely sloping down to a navigable tide estuary. Just by was the old burying-ground of Kilcommon, where more than one funeral was going on at the time. Here we took boat for the opposite shore, the residence of our friend who had so kindly come to conduct us. There was no road, at present, of any kind to his house.

Rossport, the name of this truly isolated abode, is prettily situated in a nook of the eastern shore of the noble estuary of the Greyhound river, commanding from the house—between the bold promontories of Erris-head and the point of Runroe —a fine peep of the rolling white-crested Atlantic. The tide rises rapidly, and sweeps in with the strong current of a broad swift river. The property is bounded on the other side by an arm of the sea, so that it forms a peninsular, containing about 1300 acres, held from the lord of the soil, on a lease for lives renewable for ever, at a rent little more than nominal; and is therefore nearly of the value of freehold, as a purchase or security. The soil is various and sufficiently good, with the most admirable facilities for manuring with sand and sea-wrack, all round. Samuel Bourns occupies a portion himself, and has besides a small tenantry of about seventy families upon the estate. His best tenants, however, as in other places, are gone away, some in arrear, and the remainder so re-

duced, from the common failure, as to be in the greatest distress; and involving himself and his family in the universal calamity. Having been a shopkeeper before he purchased this property and removed here, he continued the shop for the general convenience, being the only one where any of the useful articles of daily life could be obtained for twelve miles in one direction, and upwards of twenty in any other. His is the only Protestant family residing anywhere near, and is almost a patriarchal one, consisting of himself and wife, a grown-up son, two daughters, and three younger children, his own mother, his wife's mother, his wife's sister, and an English lady visitor, who had been much over the world, but was so charmed with this locality that she had taken up her residence with them, and now gave her kind assistance to the soup-kitchen, &c., as occasion required.

We lost no time in visiting the cottier tenantry. We found them poor and destitute enough, and without any means of being able to maintain themselves, or raising any return from their little allotments of land,—the potato-plot and oat-field of last year lying equally unprepared for the future. This was St. Patrick's day; the day on which it is considered agricultural labours—always late in the west—should commence in earnest, and the peasantry are usually busy on

their holdings. The present contrast was truly melancholy. There were also, among the cottagers we visited, decent tailors, carpenters, and shoemakers, all entirely out of work, and unable to purchase food, much less to pay any rent or arrears. They had hitherto been supported on the small stocks of last year, now nearly exhausted. We saw some cases of great distress; but not so utterly beyond hope and remedy as the extreme and appalling scenes we had witnessed in the Inner Mullet,—yet what must soon come to it without timely help. Our friend, unable to stem the daily gathering flood of destitution, and his own resources being utterly extinguished, had written the previous day an emphatic appeal to a leading gentleman in the Methodist connexion in London,—to which he was himself attached,—for assistance in the purchase of seed oats, by way of loan, with security on his unencumbered property, —understanding that body had large funds at their disposal for this very purpose. He had previously applied to take £500 of the Government loan, to employ his own people, on his own land; but found the Committee sitting at Belmullet would have the right of selecting the labourers, and of sending their own paupers to be so employed, with a great loss of time in getting it, and other limitations and encumbrances.

Among other persons who had left his vocation and emigrated was the schoolmaster, so that the school was now abandoned. From the assistance granted by Wm. Forster, on behalf of the Society of Friends, the school-house was fitted up into a soup-kitchen. We attended the giving out of the soup; and it appeared under the excellent management of the lady before mentioned, and S. Bourns's son. Without this timely assistance, he declared, a large portion of his tenantry must have perished. The poor people came a very long way, from other districts, in hopes of partaking of the bounty, and were not sent empty away. While at the soup-kitchen, we received a visit from Lieutenant Carey, the coast-guard officer of these parts, whose station was at the point on the other side of the creek, and who, with our host and his opposite neighbour,—the only three residents of respectability within a radius of ten to fifteen miles,—formed the Relief Committee. With him an engagement was made for the morrow.

The sun set gloriously across the great Atlantic, and brought out the magnificent features of the coast in bold relief. The scenery wants foliage, but nothing else, to render it most attractive.

The forthcoming morning we had again the pleasure of witnessing a barrel of clothes, from the London Ladies' Committee, distributed to the

numerous applicants. We had overtaken it the day before in a country cart, with the singular address of "S. Bourns, North Coast, Mayo," which somewhat indefinite direction had nevertheless found its destination quite correctly. The delight and admiration infused into the countenances of the poor people, at sight of some of the articles, was worth the journey to behold. I trust the Society will not be charged with underhand proselytism, from the droll figures occasionally cut by some of the poor natives, under the new set-out of a well-proportioned left off "Friend's" coat.

After breakfast, according to appointment, we started for Lieutenant Carey's, to visit, under his guidance, the magnificent scenery of the north coast of Erris. A little rising of the weather prevents much of it being accessible, and the day looked squally and doubtful. Samuel Bourns's boat carried us safely down the rapid estuary of the Greyhound river, to a point on the opposite shore, from which it was a walk of about a mile along the strand to Lieutenant Carey's. He had already decided that it was too uncertain and stormy to venture round the point of Runroe, and so by Kid Island, and the cliffs of Benwee. The great cave there, is only to be entered in very calm weather. We therefore walked across, about four

miles, to Portacloy, a small fishing and coast-guard station on the north coast. There are new roads making throughout this district, under the Board of Works, which will be very useful if ever the resources of the country are fairly developed. As a specimen of the great distress of the poor country people, and the want of a market, he told me he had just bought a very pretty cow and calf for £2. 5*s*., taking them as a favour. This gentleman gave it as his opinion that ten years of successive good harvest would not place the people where they were two years ago. We saw one poor fellow who had had a horse and four sheep "driven" for 25*s*. rent. They had been sold that morning for 20*s*.

The coast-guard galley was soon ordered out, under the lieutenant's directions, manned by four of those sturdy and intrepid characters peculiar to this arduous service. Portacloy is a deep rift in these hostile cliffs, otherwise wholly inaccessible for many miles. There is scarcely any proper landing, the beach being high and rough with rocks; and so great is the swell and turbulence of the ocean that accidents not unfrequently happen. A man had recently been swept off the rocks while catching crabs; and two poor women, we afterwards heard, met with the same fate that very morning, while gathering sea-weed for food. With

all their skill, our boat, while hastily getting us on board, was struck by a sea, thoroughly drenching two or three of those on that side, and obliging us to put out instantly, with one short of our complement of men, for fear of being beaten on the rocks; seizing another opportunity, between the waves, for taking him on board. The rocks rise on each side of this opening as if riven asunder by some recent catastrophe, the fragments being strewed below. On approaching the mouth of the harbour the Stags of Broadhaven are distinguished on the left, apparently a promontory of the main land when first seen, but gradually break off from the coast, and then separate from each other, exhibiting their singular structure, and the deep fissures between them, as the boat makes way. On rounding a point eastward, the most fearful scenery bursts at once upon the astonished beholder. An amphitheatre of cliffs rises stupendous, rugged, black, perpendicular,—their summits sharply pinnacled against the sky, and with some remarkable twists in their structure, that give them a most impending appearance. These inaccessible strongholds are still the resort of eagles, several of which we saw, both soaring aloft and perched fearlessly on projections of the rock. The wild fowl are innumerable. Innismuck, or Pig Island, formed the extremity of this wonderful range, through

which there is a natural archway, impassable at all times. The eddies are so uncertain, and the gusts so violent, on this terrific coast, that a sail is not allowed to the revenue boats. The spot was pointed out where, some time since, a coast-guard boat was lost, and all, including an inspecting officer, perished, save one man who escaped off the rocks most wonderfully. After making what appeared to us some dangerous passages between the surging boiling rocks, we appeared to be directly approaching the perpendicular cliff, in one of the highest parts. The seaman in command at the bow-oar inquired if we thought there was a passage *through*. Startled,—as we were now approaching the solid façade of impending cliffs, with a rapidity that seemed to bring them all about us, and were within a few boats' length,—I replied, "Impossible." "Steady boys,—keep your seats,—pull!" and instantly an archway appeared, at the base of those adamantine barriers, of width just sufficient for the oars to play, and within which we caught sight of the sea, wreathing and roaring like some prostrate monster enchained. "Back in an instant!" shouted our commander. There were some stationary moments before the boat could be recovered, and the motion reversed, during which it seemed as if the suckage of the sea would gain the mastery, and draw us down

irrevocably into its jaws; and those who can enter into the rushing-by of the trees and hedges, from within a vehicle in motion,—or the shore, from a vessel rapidly propelled,—can easily imagine, that with the rising of the boat on the swell of the surge, the archway and overhanging cliffs—close under them as we were—seemed at the moment instinct with motion, and in the act of falling, as if in concert with the ocean to close in upon us, and seize their prey. It was altogether the most sublime and exciting combination of reality and imagination I have ever experienced. The superincumbent mass of nature's masonry was at least 600 feet above the archway, and it was marked with a deep furrow or channel from the summit to the entrance of the orifice. There was no real danger, and the experienced boatman would not have hesitated with his crew alone; but from the state of the tide, the sea—chafed within that narrow gorge—was running higher than he expected, and one or two of the company had exhibited symptoms of timidity, from which there might have arisen danger, which he thought it safest not to risk.

We afterwards rowed round to the other opening of this natural tunnel. The sea seemed moderately placid, but there were some ugly rocks in case of a boat becoming unmanageable. The whole coast is truly wonderful. The loftiest cliffs

are however westward, rising 900 feet at Benwee. There is a continuation of magnificent scenery, with the extraordinary passage of Moista Sound, eastward to Bealderrig. Our landing was curiously effected, through a wilderness of rocks, at Porturlin—another coast-guard station—from whence we walked back over the mountains to Rossport, crossing a creek in a manner by no means unusual in this part of the country, by hailing a stout fellow at a distance, who voluntarily offers his back, and is more than satisfied by a few pence from the stranger.

LETTER V.

ROSSPORT — SLIGO.

18*th*—20*th of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

I HAD become so much interested about S. Bourns and his property, and so well acquainted, in this day's excursion, that we seemed to form quite part of the family in the evening. He believed a very large field to be open, in agriculture, in fisheries, and in some other channels, if only skill and capital could be attracted to the spot. He offered me forty acres,—not of mountain or moor, but of land that had been reclaimed,—for ten years, for nothing; simply for the sake of getting it under improved cultivation, or any cultivation at all. This I could not undertake. But I did agree, before the evening was out, to supply the seed, and pay the labour for *five acres of flax*, he finding the land, and his son the superintendence,—the produce to be divided; and an agreement to this effect was regularly signed. A Friend at Belfast, a member of one of the first mercantile and manufacturing houses there, had particularly desired I

would seize any opportunity that presented for the introduction or encouragement of flax, especially in new districts; and though I did not feel it so much within my province as the endeavour to fill up, in some degree, the immense vacancy in human food, occasioned by the loss of the potato, —yet I was quite willing to undertake this little speculation, from the belief that flax is the crop which, on any given quantity of land, employs the greatest amount and variety of manual and mechanical labour, from first to last, of any crop whatever. My friend—of whose House I came to order the flax seed, when subsequently in Belfast—was so pleased with the experiment, and the circumstances of its being undertaken in a new locality, that he generously doubled the quantity, as a free gift, to the party in question,—to whom, also, I arranged to send a supply of turnip and carrot seeds, for the service of himself and his poor tenantry, and also some for his opposite neighbour; to which was afterwards added some of the best varieties of the cabbage, and a small assortment of handy agricultural implements, from means supplied by a Friend. Five pounds from the Ladies' Committee of London was likewise left with Maria Bourns, for the institution of some employment she had in view for the poor women, in the way of providing coarse clothing material.

The excursion and walks above-mentioned gave ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with S. Bourns and his property, and for conversation with Lieut. Carey, an experienced officer, who had been stationed in various parts of the world. His opinion coincided with everything we had heard and met with, as to the orderly and peaceable disposition and patient endurance of the people, under unheard-of privations and sufferings, and also of the rich, but neglected capabilities of the country. He had ocular demonstration, daily, of what might be done in the way of fisheries, from what was brought in by the poor fishermen with their miserable craft and tackle at the several stations under his command. He mentioned the sperm whale was occasionally seen off the north coast in numbers. We noticed all the estuaries abounding with seals.

I had previously remarked to a gentleman, that the peasantry we had met, especially the men, did not look so very miserably clad along the public road before reaching Belmullet. "You don't know how that is, I dare say," he replied; "they have often only one decent suit among a whole family, or among half a dozen, which he who wants to go out makes use of, the others remaining in bed, or at least at home. I won't vouch for the literal truth of it," said he, "but I was told,

that there was but one hat in the whole island of Achill, some time ago, which was considered common property, and he who wished to visit the main land regularly borrowed!"

Having a long day's walk before us—for we were wholly out of the reach of conveyances—without any stopping place short of twenty miles, we were up betimes in the morning,—the tide also serving early to take us the whole navigable distance up the Greyhound river. It is a fine broad estuary for some miles, narrowing rapidly into a mountain torrent, beyond the tide reach. Our friend would not do otherwise than accompany us as far as his boat could go, which was within about a mile of Glenamoy bridge,—a great saving of distance, but not so much in point of time, for it was a strong head-wind to work against, and a heavy boat. From the quantity of wild fowl on the bosom and banks of this river, it could be but rarely disturbed by the sound of sportsman's gun. Duly provisioned by the kind forethought of the ladies, it was not without emotion that we took leave of our host at this solitary spot, and after having clambered the rough bank, watched the last mutual wave of the hand, till the lessening boat disappeared behind a bend of the stream.

At Glenamoy bridge we gained the north coast road from Belmullet to Ballycastle. The wind

was very violent to contend against, and our distance great. The country was dreary on both sides, rising in monotonous masses, with nothing but intervening bog and moor-land, yet thickly peopled in parts. As the road approached the coast it became much more interesting, revealing the magnificent promontories behind us, with the Stags far out at sea. It was a noble walk along the edge of the cliff, a considerable height above the whitening ocean. A deep glen drove us inland, until the road, by a great bend, could descend sufficiently to cross it; and after rising again, we looked straight down into one of the loveliest of bright emerald basins, shut in and sheltered by black mural precipices,—and forward to the long, singularly inclined, causeway-like headland of Downpatrick, with its end broken off. On this fragment are the remains of buildings of some extent, plainly visible from the verge of the main-land cliff, and evidently the handy-work of man, but now perfectly inaccessible, and have been so for ages. Of course the tutelar saint has many traditions here.

Ballycastle occupies a bleak, but fine position. Up a valley, opening southward, the eye is saluted by the appearance of a few trees; but we were now out of Erris. It was two miles to Mount Glen, an address we had the favour of; and the

increased planting, the appearance of hedge-rows and agriculture, the busy evidences around a mill on the property, bespoke the resident gentleman. While partaking of the lady's hospitality, and conversing about the distress of the neighbourhood, which she described as almost overwhelming in the rural districts around them, the gentleman and his son came in. They spoke in the highest terms of Wm. Forster's visit, and of the service it had been to them in the hour of need. The lady having mentioned that W. F. had signified to her his intention of endeavouring to obtain a package of clothing for her destitute poor, than which she said there could be no greater boon, I had no hesitation in ratifying the same, by engaging to send her one of the bales placed at my disposal by the London Ladies' Committee. This gentleman being a justice of the peace, I conversed with him about the objection raised against doing anything for the poor peasantry in the way of providing them with seed, on the ground of its being likely to serve the landlord only, who would come down upon the crop. Whatever liability might apply to grain in this respect, he replied, there was none whatever to be apprehended in regard to green crops. They were not worth the landlord's while, and he had never known an instance of their being taken. He

offered his guarantee, as a magistrate, against such being the case, where he had any influence or authority. His son was most earnest for a supply of small seeds, however limited, being difficult to obtain in their remote quarter; and undertook the charge of distribution, and to answer for the right use.

It was still ten miles to Killala, and dark some time before we reached it. The Presbyterian minister and his wife, residing near this town, are among those who are devoting their time and utmost energies to the help of the poor, and the mitigation of their severe sufferings, but are almost overwhelmed by the extent and magnitude of the calamity on every side. I believe we have no idea of the daily exertion, self-sacrifice and agony of spirit they have to go through, whose lot is cast, almost single-handed, in the midst of these fearful scenes of want and suffering, without the power to relieve. Some have been ready to fly their homes in terror and despair, but for the paramount sense of higher duty and kindred compassion. They do indeed require the warmest sympathy, and their hands to be effectively upheld. Unless such devoted instruments had been here and there raised up, the country must have become depopulated. We were much disappointed in not being able to call upon the pastor

of Mullaferry, but the lateness of the hour in an unknown locality, and being strangers, forbad. This did not prevent opening a correspondence, which resulted in the supply of a bale of clothing from the London Ladies. "Truly"—the wife of the minister, had previously written in a letter to Dr. Edgar, of Belfast—"they need clothes almost as much as food. Their rags are reduced to such a state, that nothing but a sense of duty could induce me to come in contact with them."

Finding nothing very attractive in the narrow streets and accommodation of Killala,—though an old place full of recollections, an ancient bishopric, and with a very interesting round tower,—and being but a short stage, we ordered out a car, and pushed forward to Ballina, receiving, though late, a most hearty welcome from one or two familiar faces at our former comfortable hotel, on our safe and happy return.

We took the mail, next morning, from Ballina to Sligo. The country appeared tolerably well cultivated after what we had left; the cottages decent, and more live stock about them. There were several respectable homesteads, and even the novel and refreshing sight of a drove of pigs along the public road. The beggary about the coach, wherever it stopped, was very violent; and we heard sad tales of the distress in the villages,

particularly along the shore. It is a fine ride the whole distance. The Ox mountains are on the right; the varied indentations of the sea, Knocknarea, and distant views of the Ben Bulben range, on the left. A beautiful river with vast water power comes rushing down at Ballisadare, where the Sligo and Dublin mail meets the western mail from Castlebar.

Again, the tide of emigration—increasing on all the roads in proportion to the proximity and size of the port—is truly affecting. The obvious strength of the country is departing with those who go. They are in no case — except where assisted by the landlord, or other funds—the very paupers. These have not the means. But they are just those who have still a little left, able and calculated to do well with a fair chance and encouragement, and are going to enrich other and better constituted lands, with the same materials beneath their feet. The expressions of despair at the state and prospects of the country, emanating from persons of respectability and reflection,—not the mere outbursts of excited or party feeling, but arising from their strong sense of the sad reality,— such as, "poor Ireland's done,"—"the country's gone for ever,"—"it can never again recover,"—"if Government won't send us seed-corn, they'd better send soldiers at once to destroy

the people; it would be far more humane,"—were of constant occurrence. Of course, one meets with many short-sighted and bitter reflections from those who suffer.

We reached Sligo early in the afternoon, and our first enquiry was for Wm. Forster and his companions, who were to come here from Ballina. Learning they had not left, I went down immediately to their hotel, and just caught our dear friend W. F., and Joseph Harvey, already seated in a car, in the act of departing for Manor Hamilton. I took a seat for a short distance out of the town, for the privilege of company and conversation. It was the next day that Joseph Harvey was laid up with fever at Manor Hamilton, which seemed to come very close home to us.

Not feeling we had much to do with the large towns, the only call I made in Sligo — except needful arrangements with the shipping agent, for the transit of goods—was on a lady, well known for her energetic and devoted benevolence on behalf of the poor, with whom we spent the evening. She is a widow lady, and her health was then suffering, from being much overdone. She has long had a school for the most indigent, under her care and influence; and now gives a dinner of bread and soup to upwards of 120 poor children every day. The unrivalled attendance at her

school, in consequence of this attractive meal, has set the heads of other schools at work to distribute also,—the beneficial example having met with general approbation. She follows up many of these "forlorn little ones" to their cheerless homes, and extends the helping hand to endeavour to keep dying fathers, or sick and lonely widows, from an untimely grave. She is also much interested in the promotion of female industry, in the way of manufacturing cheap clothing; and I left with her £5, on behalf of the Ladies' Committee of London, for the encouragement of a work in which she is engaged,—which, she has since written, has gained more than other five pounds, for the same cause.

LETTER VI.

SLIGO—DUNGLOE.

21*st*—23*rd of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

FROM Sligo to Ballyshannon is a truly glorious ride. We took it leisurely by hired car. The pleasing aspect of Sir Robert Gore Booth's property exhibits the presence and effects of an excellent resident landlord. At Drumcliff there is an ancient pillar, and something more than the stump of a round tower, on passing which, the driver had the satisfaction of informing me, that I was "not the wisest man in the world;"—for, lucky escape! "whenever *he* goes by, it will fall down upon him."

We were now rounding the foot of Ben Bulben. The acute angles and flat tops of the different members of this group are very striking. From the north side they have every appearance of an ancient range of sea-cliffs; and with their precipitous and shelving sides, and their different headlands stretching far away to the east, I know of

nothing for their height, which does not exceed 2000 feet, more magnificent than this noble mountain range. The cottages are mostly neat, stone built, and white-washed. Lord Palmerston possesses considerable property here. Beyond Ahamlish the road approaches the sea. The coast is low, but rocky; and the fine swell of the Atlantic is seen to great advantage, booming over the reefs, with the Donegal mountains on the other side of the bay. County Donegal is entered at the thriving little bathing place of Bundoran; and soon after the town of Ballyshannon, through a long dirty narrow street of irregular cabins, and crossing the bridge, up a steep ascent to the better part of the town.

This is one of those towns of great natural capabilities almost wholly neglected. A glance at the map will exhibit its position in the sheltered corner of a fine bay, within three or four miles of the noble navigation of Lough Erne, one of the most varied and beautiful in the whole kingdom, extending into the very heart of the country, and thence connected by the Ulster canal with the town of Belfast. The river, the only outlet of the waters of Lough Erne, has falls within the town, presenting an unfailing and inexhaustible water power; and a canal this short distance would render Ballyshannon the natural emporium

of all the central counties. We found Cockburn's hotel, in Main-street, very comfortable.

Through Ballyshannon the country continues of increasing interest. The characteristic rocky undulating scenery of county Donegal is set off by the pleasing aspect of the cottages; and considerably more tillage appeared to be going on. On the estate of St. Ernan's, near Donegal, it was quite animating to see a large number of men employed upon the land, evidently under the superior influence of a gentleman who took an interest in his property, with ornamental trees, and handsome plantations around.

It was not my first visit to the town of Donegal; but I think I was even more struck with the natural beauty and advantages of its situation, than on the former occasion. The bay of Donegal is of the very first character, sheltered by bold promontories, and backed by lofty mountains. There is abundant sea-bathing, and an excellent spa in the immediate neighbourhood. In the town is a fine old ruin. We arrived here by the mail, being on the great high road between Londonderry and Sligo. To illustrate the sort of communication that exists with other parts, I inquired, immediately on alighting, for the mail-car, that we had understood ran to Glenties after the arrival of the mail. We were informed by the

coachmaster that "*sometimes* it went, and *sometimes it did not*." "Well, but would it go to-day?" "He would send for the man and let us know." This occupied an hour, and we then learnt it had been discontinued! We could take the mail-car to Killibegs, five miles on the same road; but the remainder would be out of the way. We, therefore, ordered a post-car, perhaps the object of the landlord. However, the difference in expense is not so alarming as with hired vehicles in England. The rate for a one-horse post-car varies in different parts, from as low as 6d. per Irish mile — more than one and a quarter English — which is all we were charged in several places, to 8d. for two passengers, the usual rate where no bargain is made, and 9d. to 10d. per mile if there are three or more. On the low rates an extra 6d. was sometimes charged, on account of the high price of oats, which was but reasonable. The drivers expect much the same as in England, but there are no turnpikes in the west.

The road keeps the north side of the bay. The small town of Mountcharles crowns a long steep ascent, repaying by ample views of the bay, and of the mountains on both sides. On leaving the main road to Killibegs, we turned direct to the north, and the picturesque character of the

scenery was soon exchanged for dreary brown moor, black bog, and barren mountain. We seemed to be entering the very heart of the wildest mountain region. On every side the distant peaks rose one above the other, revealing range after range still loftier, as we wound amongst them, and left the nearer hills behind. The afternoon was one of those rare and lovely ones, that especially in elevated regions, shed an indescribable flood of solemnity and beauty on everything around. There is a repose amid mountains the populous plain knows not of. Their vast piles cut the clear sky with a peculiar grandeur, all their own. The sun was now setting, and lit up the distant peaks—at first blue from the clearness of the atmosphere—with the fires caught from his horizontal beams, each varying in hue according to their features and character,—their sternness all subdued. The seaward range to the west grew black and massive. Where a wild glen opened there were a few cultivated patches; but otherwise the wretchedness of the miserable hovels, and the deplorable neglect and poverty everywhere visible, contrasted most painfully with the grandeur and magnificence of nature. The hand of improvement was, however, most agreeably apparent on approaching this "city of the wilderness," as, from its lone mountain-girt situa-

tion, Glenties may truly be called. Since my former visit some years ago, a neat court-house, a magistrate's residence, a new poor-house, and many tidy looking buildings had sprung up, and a small, but decent hotel in the town, in fact, more than one,—where in passing through before, I remember the feeling of thankfulness at not being put to the test of attempting to pass a night there. Though not visiting poor-houses generally, as this was the one which William Forster found in such a deplorable and affecting state, I made a point of inspecting its present condition. The master was laid on a sick-bed at the time W. F. was here; and they were overtaken by the calamity as a flood, with means altogether unprepared and inadequate to meet its sudden pressure and extent, at the worst season too of the year. The building is well constructed and airy. It was satisfactory to find it in a fairly comfortable state as to food, cleanliness, and order: the greatest deficiency appeared to be the want of adequate instruction to the number of poor children there collected. But the distress without and disease within were fearful and increasing. The number of inmates was 500, of whom 102 were in the infirmary. But what was told us by the master of the poor-house, depicts most powerfully the wretched condition of the

poor peasantry. He said, the crowds who were every day refused admittance for want of room, watched eagerly the daily deaths, for the chance of being received into the house. I conversed with him a good deal, on the means of bettering the condition of the peasantry, and the supply of a little seed, which they had no means whatever of procuring for themselves. He said there was scarcely any one here to take any interest in them. He spoke of the Roman Catholic priest as an excellent and devoted man, doing all that lay in his power for the benefit of his flock. With him, therefore, I had an interview, in company with the clerk of the poor-house, and arranged for a supply of seed under his charge, for distribution. The parish contains 31,000 inhabitants, nearly all catholics.

Finding the car-road to Dungloe was some miles further round, we arranged to start in the morning, with the advantage of "Her Majesty's" foot-mail, as guide over the mountains. His time was six o'clock, but not being very punctual, we were out on the road first; and learning the mail was at breakfast, and would soon overtake us, we proceeded forward, having been put into the right road. It was not long before we saw a ragged-looking urchin, scarcely decent as to outer garments, with an ancient post-bag slung across his

shoulders, rapidly gaining upon us, who proved to be that important functionary. He was a shrewd, intelligent lad, however, and gave us much information. The ascent was long and toilsome over the mountain, with nothing but vast barren wastes, and very few habitations, and those of the most inferior character. The clouds were low, and tending downwards with a wetting mist, which added to the dreary and sombre hue of the face of the country. The descent was down to the estuary of the Gweebarra river and ferry, where we had to wait some time for the boat to be hailed from the opposite shore: it was about half a mile over, and by no means so much unlike the Killery of Connemara, but not so grand. Our fellow-passengers were five poor women, going to gather sea-weed on the other side, for breakfast, as they assured us. A mile further on, at a point just half way, sheltering himself under a peat-stack, until his companion came up, we met the corresponding mail, a similar lad, but rather more respectably clad, who after exchanging bags in due form, took us under convoy the remainder of the way. We passed through some wild rocky scenery, and round the head of a most romantic little lake, with its solitary island. But the rain coming on heavily, the long reaches of the road became tiresome, as it climbed one after another, ridge af-

ter ridge, with no variety in the wide waste of bog—"a killing *every* day's march,"—as our guide called it,—until after one more tough ascent, we dropped down upon the little town of Dungloe, seated at the head of its rocky bay, among rocks as rude, and backed by the wildest mountains. Its wreathing smoke was a welcome sight; and, being thoroughly wet, we were too glad of a comfortable fire, and anything in the shape of a breakfast, to be very critical about the accommodation; and in the way of civility and attention, it could not be surpassed.

After drying without and invigorating within, we set off, though it still rained, for Maghery, the residence of Valentine P. Griffith, the officiating minister of the parish, four miles along the southern shore of the bay. I mention this gentleman by name, because it is appended to two public documents, making known the state and condition of this large and destitute parish. You distinguish, a long way off,—by the number of poor people surrounding them,—the residences of those who are devoting themselves to endeavouring to mitigate the severity of this awful crisis. I believe this gentleman and his family to be among the excellent of the earth. This is the large and neglected parish of Templecrone, or "the Rosses." It is hemmed in by the sea on one side, and bleak

mountains on the other, over which the roads are often impassable, and no market-town within the distance of thirty miles. It has not the natural advantages of sea-board, the whole line of coast being foul, rugged, and inaccessible, except in the calmest weather. The rude and backward state of agriculture in this isolated district, cannot be more strongly shown, than in one of the documents above alluded to, wherein it is stated, "that in a parish, the area of which is 52,921 acres, with a population of 10,000 souls, dispersed through wild mountains, and thickly inhabited islands, there is neither the recollection, nor the tradition, of a *plough* ever having been used throughout it." Of course, there can be no resident gentry here. The mass of ignorance, poverty, and destitution, remains therefore unalleviated, beyond the personal exertions of the few who signed the above document. I have rarely received the impression of more heart-felt zeal and devotedness in the cause of the poor, than was manifested by this gentleman and his family; but they seemed indeed almost cast down and, overborne by the rising tide of famine and desolation at their very doors, and by the hopelessness of the future. Everything, they said, was getting worse and worse; and where it would end, except under the over-ruling hand of Divine Providence,

save in famine and pestilence consummating the work of depopulation, they were unable to conceive. The stubbornest heart would break beneath the sight of the harmless multitude — men, women, and little children—pining away in want and misery,— our own fellow-creatures and countrymen,—in this boasted land of wealth, civilization and humanity. The streams of individual and public charity have been noble; but what are they to the enormous gulph? AND OUR TRANSATLANTIC BRETHREN HAVE SHAMED US. And do, or do not, the *causes and the responsibility* lie with us? It was Dispensary day at the house of the minister, which gave us the opportunity of an introduction to Dr. Brady, the medical superintendent of the district, with whose kind accord we made an appointment to visit the island of Arranmore the following day.

In company with V. P. Griffith, we visited a number of the mud cabins constituting the miserable village of Maghery, immediately adjoining his residence. In filth and wretchedness they were equal to anything we had seen, and the victims of disease were becoming daily more numerous under the continued privation of food and clothing. It was publicly stated that the agent of the landlord, early in the season, had promised seed to the poor tenantry, from which they had been induced

to consume what few oats they had in reserve. The defence of the noble owner is one of the most touching and pathetic records in the whole of Irish history. We thought this a most suitable place for some supply of our seeds; and gave also £5 on behalf of the Ladies' Association of London, to Elizabeth L. Griffith, for the special purpose of providing shoes, of which the want was very great, interfering with the ability to work of the few men who could get employment.

Having intended our next call to be upon Francis Forster, the able and intelligent agent of Lord George Hill, residing four miles on the other side of Dungloe, our friend the clergyman had kindly arranged to put us across the bay in a boat. We accordingly found a six-oared galley ready, at a small pier on the glebe property, to which he conducted us down, and is constructing for the sake of giving some useful employment. The row was about six miles over, and certainly a most curious and interesting passage. The afternoon had cleared up beautifully, revealing a splendid admixture of land and water scenery. Snow lay upon the higher mountains, among which the great cupola of Errigal, the loftiest in the north of Ireland, rose above all; while Slievh Snaght and some others were still cloudcapped, black, and threatening. The sea, or ra-

ther the sheltered lagoons, through which our passage lay, was smooth as glass. The rocks were low, and of a reef-like character; and we steered through narrow winding channels, opening the connexion between one basin and another, just where there seemed an impossibility to further progress, in the most extraordinary and interesting manner. The lighting up of the great waters westward, as we occasionally caught sight of them outside these barriers, through some opening, rolling and glittering in the setting sun, was truly glorious. It was dusk when we landed at Burton port, from which it was but a short distance to Roshine Lodge, the residence we were in quest of. Francis Forster had just started to Gweedore with a gentleman who has recently purchased (or was about purchasing) a portion of the property adjoining Lord George Hill's; but the hospitality of the house was pressed upon us in a way so kindly, that could not be refused, in competition with the additional walk of four miles back to Dungloe after such a day, in the dark, and with untried accommodation.

LETTER VII.

ARRANMORE.

24th of 3rd mo. 1847.

NOTHING could be more favourable than the next morning for the proposed visit to the island of Arranmore. Dr. Brady was true to his appointment at the breakfast table; and from his local knowledge and acquaintance with the islanders, as medical visitor, we could not have enjoyed a more fortunate opportunity than under the auspices of that gentleman.

Not deeming it right to go empty-handed among the hungry multitude, we provided ourselves in all with fifty-six tickets, for a stone of meal each, for distribution. The distance from Burton port is about four miles, not open sea, but interspersed with rocks and islands. The waters were dancing in the greatest brilliancy. We met one or two crews of the Arran people crossing the bay, and the light coracle was gliding to and fro. We called at the coast-guard station, on a small island near Rutland, to see the officer, but he was

not there just then. On Rutland Island, opposite, are the remains of a custom-house, quay, and other buildings, formerly erected by Government, at great expense, but now in ruins, and almost buried by the encroachments of the sand. Clearing these, the whole island of Arranmore lies stretched before the eye. It rises gradually towards the centre, presenting varied slopes to the south and east, and terminated northward and westward by cliffs and caves of considerable interest. As our visit was wholly unexpected, we landed about midway on the eastern shore without much observation. The presence of a stranger, however, soon attracts attention, and especially one so well known as the medical superintendent; and no sooner did the work of visiting the cabins commence, than the crowds collected became shortly so dense, that ingress and egress were difficult, and sometimes force had to be used. It was a warm sunny day, and we walked leisurely over the whole of the more thickly inhabited portion of the island, which lies principally towards the main land. The agent of the Irish Island Society was absent; and they had not yet their soup-kitchen in operation. In another part of the island, was a soup-kitchen established by the "Appeal Committee," (a committee formed of the gentlemen who signed the address before alluded to), but under the

worst management; which, as Dr. Brady, who was himself one of the committee, witnessed with the greatest pain, would unquestionably be remedied by this visit. The great difficulty of control and management at such a distance, where there is not a single resident to be depended upon, and the few on the main land have their hands and hearts so full and overburdened, are serious obstacles. We spent the principal part of the day upon the island, in a walk of about six miles, through most of the villages, and, in spite of their repulsive features, entering the cabins, as long as our tickets lasted, endeavouring to search out such as lay more in the interior, had not claimed much notice before, or were the most destitute. There was indeed but little to choose, where misery and want were all so palpable. Throughout the island there was a remarkable equality,—one mass of deep-sunk poverty, disease, and degradation. The details I need not attempt; it has been done before most vividly. The dwellings, upon the whole, were perhaps, externally, a shade better than the mere turf-hovels of Erris; but all within exhibiting the truth of the words (still I believe in MS.) of a vigorous and acute observer from another land, who went herself "to see the poor peasant by way-side and in bog, in the field, and by his peat-fire, and read to him the story of Calvary."

Of a similar neglected district, she says, "I had learned to a *demonstration*, that man, left to instinct alone, will not make himself as comfortable as the beasts of the field, or birds of the air; *they* will construct their nests and habitations when wanted, with perfect system, and even mechanical taste; while *man*, with no stimulus to activity, but barely the food that sustains him, will lie down in stupid content, in the most filthy, disorderly habitation, and even make a *merit* of doing so." I fear to state the number of families in which seaweed and limpets appeared to be the only substitutes for food; although the ravages of famine and pestilence were still short of the harrowing scenes we had witnessed in the Mullet. There were the same gaunt looks in the men, and the peculiar worn-out expression of premature old age, in the countenances of the women and children; but the latter still clutched, with an eagerness I shall never forget, at the sight of some biscuit I had brought with me, when offered them to eat with their seaweed,—very different to the apathy and vacant stare, yet more heart-piercing, with which the unaccustomed sight was regarded, by those with whom the very desire and volition were past. We thought there were exhibited marks of a longer period of neglect and degradation; as if these poor islanders had never known

any other state, and expected nothing better. Their importunity was also not without rudeness and abuse, when the tickets were exhausted, and there was nothing more to be had. The bits of paper, in the way of petitions ready prepared, constantly thrusting into our hands, evinced an older trade in beggary. We detected, too, instances of exaggeration; and, under any other circumstances, some amusing ones of pretence. My son, who was more at liberty to observe, discovered girls and children were up and running about as soon as we were fairly cleared off, who had on our approach thrown themselves on their miserable sleeping places, and beneath what they had of covering, as if sick. The feature that struck me most forcibly was, that among this whole population, estimated at 1,500, there was not a single particle of work of any description that we could see going forward, either inside the cottages, or outside upon the soil, except one old woman knitting.

Sometimes we thought proper to exercise the right of lecturing; and made the levelling of the mud floor, the filling in some filthy puddle, or the removal of some abominable heap from *in* to *outside*, the condition of our gift. Even in the midst of such wretchedness and misery, we were not without proof of the native wit and readiness of

the lower order of Irish. One poor fellow, so immured in thick darkness, that it was some time after entering his cabin, before we could find him out; on asking him "why he did not knock a hole in the wall to let in the light and air?" replied, "It's I, your honour, that am not fit to be seen in't!"

There were no public works going on, and no school at present in the island. We took boat again at a rocky knoll, by an unenclosed burial-ground, not far from the Catholic chapel,—the only place of worship. Near this spot was a charming little cove, with delightful sands for the bather. The sea-views, the islets, the deep bays, and rocky indentations of the main land, with the grand mountains beyond,—the cone of Errigal rising in the midst and over all,—formed an assemblage of the most attractive land and water scenery. We gazed upon the island, as we left its shores, crowded with those wretched beings, with very mingled feelings, thinking what it might be under other circumstances, and of what it might still become,—of great capability and beauty, the abode and nursery of a vigorous race.

In returning, on a low, but inaccessible point of rock, sat a splendid golden eagle. As if conscious of his security he allowed the boat to approach within easy gun-shot. Two knowing gulls, by

their marked evolutions, were evidently teasing his majesty, or they might have a nest near, but taking excellent care to keep *above* him, until he spread his noble wings and slowly moved away, when they were off in an instant.

On calling again at the former island, we found R. K. Thompson,—inspecting officer of the coast-guard, who interests himself warmly in the state of the poor, and is one of the Appeal Committee,—at home. He received us very courteously. The provisions landed by the "Albert," and six boilers were still without instructions.

After again partaking of the hospitality of Roshine Lodge, and leaving £5, on account of the Ladies' Association of London, to be laid out in clothing materials, with Charlotte Forster, who is occupied from morning to night in the service of the poor; and to whom we had subsequently the pleasure of consigning the last of the bales so kindly entrusted to my care by the same Committee; and just visiting with her a soup-boiler they had set up, and would put in operation as soon as they could get materials, — we set forward on foot, still favoured with the company of Dr. Brady, for the Gweedore hotel. It was well we had so good a guide, for otherwise we should never have been able to have tracked this very intricate road after twilight

came on. At first it was a continuation of the same characteristic scenery on land, as we had the day before at sea, in crossing the bay, — a perfect wilderness of rocks, through which it was curious to thread the way. A long, solitary, winding, craggy freshwater lake, was crossed by a bridge in the narrowest part, and then an arm of the sea on the sands, as the tide was out. A series of sand-hills, very intricate and tiresome succeeded, and another strand, and then between a large freshwater lake and the sea, until we came to the estuary of the Gweedore river, opposite Lord George Hill's store at Bunbeg. The ferryman had to be roused. It might be three quarters of a mile over. The shores looked picturesque, but both distances and objects are deceptive in the grey light. A car was in waiting by previous arrangement from the hotel, of which we were glad enough to avail ourselves, the remaining four miles.

LETTER VIII.

GWEEDORE—DUNFANAGHY.

24th—25th of 3rd mo. 1847.

WHEN last in this part of the country, on a pedestrian tour through the wilds of Donegal, my companion and I came wandering one morning, over bog and mountain, from the shores of Lough Swilly; and having ascended Errigal, came down to the village at the foot of that mountain, tolerably jaded out, by night-fall. It was the only place then marked in the map,—the Society's and Betts's were not then published,—and in fact in existence anywhere near; and in consequence, being distinguished with LARGE LETTERS, gave us reasonable expectation of affording fair accommodation. We found the inn to be a little way-side public-house or drinking-shop, with a mud floor, the guest-chamber, kitchen, and family sleeping-room being *all one;* and a slight partition, behind which there was a second *shake-down*, made the only other apartment. We certainly looked at each other, but there was no remedy. To proceed

further was impossible, for there was nowhere to proceed to. So the landlady made us fresh oaten cakes on the hearth. We fortunately had some tea with us; and mustering all the odd pieces of crockery they possessed, we managed to make the uninebriating beverage in a basin,—for the first time in the house,—and gave some to the host and hostess, and to two country lasses who came in, to their no small admiration and delight; and thus amused an hour or two, till first the children, and then the landlord and landlady, wished us "good night," and very comfortably got into bed. My friend retired to the shake-down. I had seen enough of its *outward* condition; and any toilet accommodations were out of the question. So I entertained myself as well as I could in eagerly watching for day-break. What a contrast—thanks to Lord George Hill—did the excellent accommodation of the Gweedore hotel present to this!

The situation of the hotel, except for its wild mountain grandeur, would appear to the eye of a stranger, visiting it for the first time, bare and uninviting enough. All around what has been won from the desert is still the brown moor. But this is a great conquest, and the marks of improvement are everywhere going forward. The building itself is substantial, and well arranged for

comfort and convenience. The river Clady flows at the bottom of the garden. There is a pretty bridge thrown over it, and a boat is kept for excursions to the lake. There is a capital horse and car, and ponies for the mountains in the summer time. The summit of Errigal is about five miles from the hotel, and the lovers of wild and solitary scenery may here take their full. There are good roads made, and more making. It is four miles to the sea at Bunbeg, where there is a store supplying all useful articles, a mill, and a dispensary. There is also a new school-house. The former miserable hovels have been converted into neat white-washed glazed cottages, throughout the property; and the system of "rundale," or holding land in common, has been abolished. Inclosures and draining have been introduced, with green crops and a better tillage. The growth of flax has been added this year. An interest is given to the tenantry in the improvement of their farms, and there is an experienced resident agriculturist. All this has been accomplished, and is carrying out, by the public spirit, and determination of the noble proprietor, against every disadvantage, and, at first, against the violent opposition and prejudices of the tenantry,—under the active co-operation, and unremitting zeal, perseverance and ability of his agent, Francis

Forster. A more untoward and discouraging set of circumstances, and greater practical difficulties, could hardly have been collected together than upon this property. They have been met and conquered. What has been done in one locality, of a most unpromising character, and under every disadvantage, is comparatively of easy execution, and more rapid recompense, in other localities far more favourably situate. If any one doubt the practicability of improving either the soil or the people of Ireland, let them read the 'FACTS FROM GWEEDORE,' a little book which ought to be in the hands of every Englishman, and every Irishman really interested in the welfare of his country. Independent of the practical results exhibited, it possesses all the graphic interest of a simple and truthful tale. But to obtain the same results, the same means must be adopted, and among these are the personal exertions of Lord George Hill himself. He was not at the hotel when we were there, but had been the previous two severest months, and was now gone to London, I believe, on the seed question. In this deficiency, let me take the character of this truly benevolent nobleman in a letter from a friend. "Lord George Hill is doing all that man can. I do not know what would become of this part of the country were it not for him. From morning to night he is occu-

pied with the poor. He spares no exertion, and never thinks of himself. I have seen a great deal of him latterly, as I stay entirely with him when here."

On arrival at the hotel last evening, we had the pleasure of finding Francis Forster, at whose house we had previously been so kindly entertained; the gentleman who was becoming the new proprietor of the lands adjoining; and another gentleman, whom I well knew by name, and much wished to meet with. They most kindly invited us to join their party.

The numerous interesting subjects of discussion at that time and place I need not mention. This one evening was all too short. It must not be supposed that Lord George Hill and his tenantry have not suffered severely under the present calamity. It has been a serious drawback on that nobleman's personal sacrifice and unwearied exertions, that just as the fruits were beginning to appear they should be overtaken and retarded by a blight like the present — destroyed they cannot be. But the pecuniary loss alone, by the destruction of the potato, is a most serious consideration in the absorption of the means of what may truly be designated a rising family; and it is one of the strongest and most affecting proofs of the depth and extent of this awful calamity, that distress

has reached even the estate of Lord George Hill.

I had fully intended re-visiting the scenery and establishments at Bunbeg in the morning, as Dr. Brady had kindly proposed going over to some of the smaller islands which lie scattered along this coast, and had scarcely been visited before with a view to their condition and relief. But in the morning I found the Doctor had been summoned out in the night, almost back again to where we had come from. The duties of Francis Forster, who is also a magistrate, took him likewise out for the day. We therefore accepted seats in the car with the other gentleman, who was going to Dunfanaghy, and whose intimate local knowledge and experience, as Inspector of Public Works for the district, made his company particularly valuable. But we did not leave without arranging with Francis Forster to place some seeds under his care, for the benefit of the poor in his own immediate neighbourhood. To this gentleman, along with Dr. Brady, and the officiating minister of Templecrone, was afterwards consigned the greater part of the box of arrow-root and ginger, belonging to the Ladies' Committee, for the aid of the sick in those extensive districts.

The road continues along the course of the river Clady, and the lake which supplies it, and

then, rounding the base of Errigal, strikes due north. This mountain, which is the great feature in the landscape for many miles round, and is a striking object from the hotel, assumes a hard and repulsive aspect on nearer approach. Its vast shoulders of bare granite appear inaccessible on this side, and the region around its base consists of dreary and desolate moors, bounded only by other masses of sterile uninhabited mountains. A tolerably well-cultivated valley succeeds, with some pleasing cottages, and more live stock and comfort about them, and the country people better clad, than we had been accustomed to of late. It is true there was a fair going on at the little town of Cross-roads,—or the far more euphonous Irish name of Falcarrow,—on which occasions the women and girls always come out in their best. But it was pleasant to see they *had a best* to put on, and shoes and stockings once more, and a gay-coloured shawl or cloak—the true delight of an Irish peasant girl of the west; and to catch an arch smiling face or two underneath, or the actual merry sound of a laugh. It may appear but a light or a wrong thing, but my spirits rose perceptibly at these simple, though of late unaccustomed signs, which perhaps only proves the point of previous depression. It seemed like walking out of the valley of death into the verdant plains of life

once more. On the left, the high promontory called the Bloody Foreland,—the most north-westerly point of land,—looked more dismal perhaps from its name. Tory Island, far out at sea, presents a most remarkable and abrupt outline; and the peninsular of Horn Head stretches far eastward, in something of the contour which gives it its name.

On passing a village, with a long Irish name I could never have recalled, but for the pleasure of having just received a note dated "Raymunterdoney Glebe," my friend and companion pointed it out as the residence of a clergyman, who was most actively engaged in endeavouring to influence and encourage his poor parishioners to prepare their land, and especially in some degree for flax seed, in the hopes of obtaining it for them, but did not as yet know from what quarter. I thought I could not appropriate a sum of five guineas —which had been intrusted to me by a friend, for the general object, without specific instructions— better than to the aid of this effort. I extract the following from the note above mentioned. "You will see, from the inclosed receipts, that the money has been expended in the purchase of flax seed, as you desired, for the benefit of the poor tenants on the immense glebe lands of this parish. . . . I am personally and altogether responsible for the

welfare of 500 human beings, occupiers of this wild, boggy, and mountainous territory. I gave about three gallons of flax seed to each head of a family, so far as the quantity extended, and the people were delighted with your gift."

Dunfanaghy is situated at the bottom of one of the deep inlets of Sheep Haven. It has a good market-house, lately built by a neighbouring proprietor, one broad street of tolerably respectable houses, and some trade, with great facilities for its extension, although I think I understood the mouth of the harbour was encumbered with an unfortunate bar. The country around is very poor and destitute, and the agriculture low. The Commissioner under the New Temporary Poor Law Bill was sitting in the parlour of the hotel, which gave us an immediate introduction to several highly respectable gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, who were assembled there to meet him. One gentleman of considerable property, and rector of the parish, to whom we had the further verbal introduction of Wm. Forster, most kindly gave up his time to us afterwards. He and his family take a deep interest in the condition of the poor, and in all measures calculated for their benefit and improvement. With him we visited the soup-kitchen, partly set up and sustained by the assistance of Friends, which we

found in excellent working order. He next took us to the school-house, where we found his lady, and several others, in a room crowded with poor folk, weighing out wool with her own hands, to give out to the women to spin. It was the most busy and animating sight of the kind I had met with. She stated her stock of wool for this truly kind and charitable purpose was nearly exhausted; and as I saw it in practical operation to some extent, I felt justified in appropriating £10 from the funds of the Ladies' Association of London to this object. We afterwards accepted of their kind hospitality. The house was in a fine situation on the Head, about a mile out of the town. The lady there showed me substantial specimens of the work produced, of several kinds, mostly blanketing of great durability and strength; and I brought away one of the vests of their make, as a specimen for Wm. Forster. As the poor cottiers were represented as suffering much for want of seed, and the soil as well adapted to the growth of green crops, I ordered a supply to this gentleman's kind care, for distribution in the neighbourhood.

At the hotel, in the evening, I found the Commissioner most courteous and obliging in affording every information on the subject of his new appointment.

LETTER IX.

DUNFANAGHY—DUBLIN.

26th—31*st of* 3*rd mo.* 1847.

We left Dunfanaghy this morning early, accompanied a short distance by the Commissioner, per mail-car, to Letterkenny. The pass by Glen Lough to Kilmacrenan, is almost equal to anything in Scotland for wild and savage grandeur. The day was gloomy; and the huge bare mountain masses, wrapped in clouds, had their true elevation veiled on both sides,—a state which I think always adds to the impressive character of this description of scenery,—for the towering rocks seemed piled upon each other as far as the imagination gave play. It was a new road lately cut with admirable skill through this singularly wild and rocky gap. The post was previously carried to Dunfanaghy by horse or footman, as the case might be, over the mountains sometimes taking two days, and not unfrequently exposed to accidents, with loss of life. On emerging from this dark glen,

the country rapidly improves; and about the prettily situated town of Letterkenny, assumes a cultivated and prosperous aspect. Trees, plantations, and genteel residences adorn the landscape. Proceeding by car, interesting views of the long and varied expanse of Lough Swilly are obtained from the risings of the road. The fine stream of the Mourne is crossed by a bridge of several arches directly out of Lifford; the county of Tyrone is entered, and almost immediately the thriving town of Strabane. The mail, upon which we had here calculated, came up full. We had therefore to continue by post-car, which, though throwing us late in the evening, gave much more opportunity of observing and enjoying the country. The noble valley of the Mourne, with here and there a factory, and one or two handsome bridges spanning the river, appeared rich and flourishing, and the several towns through which we passed, respectable and thriving, perhaps only in contrast with the bogs and mountains, the neglected capabilities, and squalid population of Mayo and Donegal, to which we had been so long accustomed. After Newtown Stewart the road is accompanied by the Strule, a branch of the Mourne, to Omagh. Soon after Ballygawley, darkness and rain came on, so that we missed what appeared to be very interesting features about the neat little

town of Caledon, and on entering the handsome city of Armagh.

Our object being to reach the annual examination of the children at Brookfield Agricultural School, we took the first conveyance in the morning to Portadown, and thence to Moira by rail. The aspect of the country around Armagh is highly beautiful. Efficient measures of relief had been in early operation, and although distress was so much less apparent, generally speaking, in this province than in the west, we afterwards heard most fearful accounts of the ravages of fever, extending upwards in the scale of society, and spreading dismay and consternation among all ranks in this highly respectable city and neighbourhood. We heard of so many deaths occurring the very day of our being there that I am afraid to mention, lest it might not be credited. We heard of the number dying in the infirmary being so great, that separate graves had been abandoned, and the poor were buried together in one large square hole, service being performed over several at the same time, by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. The Presbyterian minister and two physicians attending the infirmary had been carried off; and the third, it was reported, had fled, so that for a day or two they were without medical attendance. The poor-

house at Lurgan was closed, from either egress or ingress.

The examination at Brookfield School we had much satisfaction in attending. I have long looked upon this school as one of the most successful educational experiments in the kingdom. Not, perhaps, in dazzling results, but in adaptation to wants and circumstances; in bringing a sound practical education to the nearest within self-support; and the establishment of the principle, that a proportion of manual labour assists the development of mind. The organization of such schools all over Ireland, would, under the Divine aid and blessing, be one great means towards her regeneration.

All the remaining seeds we had with us, were left under the kind care of William Shannon, the superintendent of that establishment. On coming down to the school shortly after, we found his family busily occupied in making them up into small parcels for distribution to the neighbouring poor. He afterwards sent me a list of fifty-eight names to whom he had given each a little, besides some handed to another Friend, "who would divide it with *his* poor neighbours, who he was sure, would be glad to get it," and "many," he adds, "are going away disappointed since the seeds have been exhausted." I had much pleasure in

ordering a further quantity to William Shannon's charge, on arriving again at Dublin.

The next day or two were spent in Belfast, in arrangements for the transmission of the flax seed and bales of clothing, and in other needful matters; and an interview with the secretary to the "Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland," to whom I was introduced by one of their liberal subscribers. I was unacquainted with the operations of this Society before; but I found their Reports, and the information therein contained most interesting; and I believe this Society has the strongest claims to support, and is among the institutions calculated to do the greatest amount of good in the country. The secretary immediately offered to open a correspondence with both the parties I was interested about in respect of flax seed, and to send one of their trained agents to *superintend the sowing* and for *subsequent instruction* to each of those remote localities in Mayo and Donegal. The secretary further writes, "I have succeeded also in getting a number of flax-spinners here to join and send fifty barrels of flax-seed to Mr. Hewetson," (the gentleman we had the pleasure of travelling with from Gweedore to Dunfanaghy) "to be distributed among the farmers about Rossgarrow, who have no means of procuring seed."

I must not omit to mention here the great kindness we received from the members of both the Ladies' Associations of Belfast. The older one, specially for "Connaught," originated in the exertions of Dr. Edgar, one of the first to awaken public attention and sympathy to the threatening calamity, and the real condition of the Western peasantry. His little pamphlet entitled "Famine in Connaught" was widely circulated, both in this country and America, and produced a great effect; his personal visit to that province, having at the same time opened a very extensive and interesting correspondence. At that period, the extent and depth of the calamity was neither known nor apprehended. It was presumed the extremities of neglect and destitution, were nearly confined to Connaught; and no conception was then entertained, that it would extend equally into other districts, and, as it were, over-spread the land. This called up the second Ladies' Association, with a wider sphere. Both have been most active and zealous; and both have had their successful bazaars. Both also have looked beyond the present emergency; and propose rendering themselves permanent for educational and industrial objects, and are worthy of the best support. Among other things, Dr. Edgar gave some hopes of being able to supply the deficiency of a school-

master at Rossport, through the means of his Society. Distress was rapidly spreading in Belfast, and most parties seemed full of despair at the prospects of the country; though a little revived by the great fall which had just then taken place in the price of Indian meal, — alas! how soon to be annihilated. Yet their active and enterprising spirit will not be readily laid.

The following is the acknowledgment addressed to one of the active ladies of the Connaught Committee, with whom the sum mentioned was left on behalf of the ladies of London, to be remitted to a clergyman of whose exertions in endeavouring to promote industry, chiefly in woollen-spinning and weaving, in a very poor district, we had witnessed practical proofs. "Castlebar, Mayo, April 2nd, 1847. I received your letter of the 30th of March, enclosing £5, for re-productive works of industry, for which I am very thankful. I am happy to say the object in view is going on very favourably, as far as the money at our disposal enables us to work. My daughters have sixty poor females employed, and I have as many spinning and weaving. They are preparing articles for the public sale in Dublin. We have labour cheap; all we want is skill, energy, and a little capital to set us going. I hope, if the Lord will, to live to see the day, when

Mayo will be like the North of Ireland. Prices of food are coming down, but alas! the land lies waste,—little or no tillage, no seeds." Again, under date April 7th. "We got a woman to instruct our girls in knitting and spinning. Enclosed is a specimen stocking, which appears very soft and good. Such would be made to order at one shilling a pair, we finding all materials. I also send two specimens from the looms I am setting to work. They are good; the next pieces will be better I hope, these are the first." Enclosed were the specimens, with size and price, and labelled as "made by poor starving persons in Mayo, in a loom set up in the clergyman's stable," &c.

We had much pleasure in ordering a supply of seed, on an application from one of the members of the London Ladies' Committee, to a party residing at Castlerea, Roscommon, after a satisfactory correspondence. Following, as we did, in several places the footsteps of William Forster, I think it right to bear testimony to the high terms in which his mission was everywhere spoken of; the stimulus given by him to the exertions of others; and the effect the part taken by the Society of Friends, irrespective of creed and opinion, and entirely above the suspicion of partiality, was leaving upon the minds of the people. We met

with several inquiries after our principles, in places where Friends were hardly known or had been heard of before; and in one or two cases promised books. We were favoured to reach Dublin again in safety, on the last day of the third month.

LETTER X.

DUBLIN—CAHIRCIVEEN.

1*st*—7*th of* 4*th mo.* 1847.

At the house of my earliest friend in Ireland—to whose kindness and assistance we were almost wholly indebted for the success of our first enterprise many years ago in the west, and which have been continued to the present time — we met an American lady, of singular and strong character, whose first acquaintance with the Irish peasantry, in the garrets and cellars of New York, had ripened into a feeling of sympathy and commiseration, which had induced—I believe I may say compelled —her to come over on a mission of philanthropy, in order to visit the people she had so much pitied and admired, in their own homes; and to learn what soil had nurtured such a hardy and impetuous,—such an intelligent yet down-trod,—such a poor but generous race. She came almost without scrip or purse, and has now spent upwards of two years in walking over nearly every

part of Ireland, going from cabin to cabin wherever she found access, that is, almost everywhere among the poor, administering according to her measure and ability, both to their physical and spiritual destitution. I found her with limited and precarious means, still persevering from morning to night in visiting the most desolate abodes of the poor, and making food—especially of Indian meal—for those who did not know how to do it properly, with her own hands. She was under much painful discouragement, but a better hope still held her up. Having a considerable quantity of arrow-root with me, at my own disposal, I left some of it with her, and £5 for general purposes.

At the sitting of the Central Committee, in William Street, this morning, in addition to the usual business, an arrangement—offered through the liberality of the Government—was detailed, by which it was proposed that the latter should become, as it were, the Bankers of the Committee for the stores now arriving, and in transit from the American continent. On the lodgment of the bills of lading with the proper officers, at any of the ports where cargoes of provisions for Friends arrived, the Committee were to have credit for them at the market-price of the day, and to be allowed to draw upon them at once, either in kind

or value, at any other port where the Government had depôts. The facilities thus afforded, and the saving of time and carriage, expense and risk, as well as the convenience, were great and obvious. The arrangement was subsequently carried into effect, by which means the (representative) food was, in some cases, in the mouths of the recipients even before it was actually landed.

The clearness and consistency of the Committee, in becoming the almoners of any of the Slave States, after having declined acceptance of a sum forwarded by Lord John Russell from a theatrical source, was also discussed. A protest, against any accrediting of the principle of Slavery being thereby involved, was subsequently issued. Two members of the Committee, one of whom was one of the secretaries, had gone down on a mission to the far west.

In the evening we made a very interesting call on H. Pendleton, Secretary to the Irish Island Society. The house was identified immediately on entering it, by the sacks and bales of food and clothing obstructing the passages, and by the active work going on within. There is no doubt this Society is endeavouring to promote the good work. One hundred weight of seeds, for such district as they might think most in need, was consigned to their charge.

It is necessary to attend a sitting of the Clothing Sub-committee, in Cole Alley, to be able to appreciate their labours and incessant pains-taking, in order to insure, as much as possible, the articles passing through their hands being suitably applied in the first place, and to diminish the chances of their being in any way improperly appropriated afterwards. As the Ladies' Clothing Committee in London had applied to the General Committee, for a grant to enable them to purchase some arrow-root, for the inclosure of a few pounds in each of their made-up bales, I thought one of the packages which the Sub-committee in Dublin had kindly warehoused for me would prove acceptable to them for the same purpose, and would by this means get well distributed. They also took charge of the little assortment of two dozen and a half of simple agricultural implements, with an additional small bale of clothing, for forwarding to Samuel Bourns, of Rossport. Let me here acknowledge the kind, attentive, unwearied, and essential services of Joseph Crosfield, of Liverpool, in the receipt and forwarding of goods for Irish relief; as well as the liberality of the railroad and steamboat companies, in the transmission of the same.

It was not part of my original intention to have visited more than those remote districts of Mayo and Donegal, lying beyond the reach and influence

of most of the Committees that had been formed; but having still some seeds left, and being favoured with good accounts from home, I felt desirous of completing the journey, by proceeding to some of the more distressed parts of counties Tipperary and Kerry. With the remainder of our seeds and arrow-root, we again left Dublin on the 3rd instant, by first train to Carlow. It was a delightful morning, exhibiting the beautiful scenery of the Wicklow mountains from along the line, in great variety and perfection, their loftier snow-clad peaks thrown up, and glistening in the brilliant sunshine. The whole range of country appeared to us smiling and prosperous after the west, and the various towns we glanced by, strikingly excellent. At Carlow we took the coach to Clonmel. There are many genteel residences in coming out of the town. The road is accompanied by the river Barrow, until crossed at Leighlin Bridge. Beyond this the country becomes more flat and dreary, with apparently an inferior soil.

The approach to the ancient city of Kilkenny is imposing. The fine serpentine sweep of the river Nore is overhung by the noble residence of the Ormond family, as seen from the bridge, on entering the town. This is a locality fixed upon for one of the new colleges; and a remarkably chaste and handsome building has arisen, in an admirable

situation, just out of the town. One cannot but be struck with the neatness and beauty of much of the architecture seen in various places along this road, in which the handsome grey limestone of the country is freely used.

Soon after Callan, the county of Tipperary is entered at a bleak wild spot, where the road ascends considerably, in order to surmount the shoulder of Slievh Naman. It continues over a dreary elevated plain, until the white jagged peaks of the Commeragh range are caught on the other side, just before the descent, by a narrow winding defile, into the great central valley lying between the Knockmeiledown and the Galtee mountains. Stories of recent murders were here told us; but they are almost always connected with, or to be traced to, what is conceived to be some injustice or oppression with regard to the possession of land.

There is no small increased appearance of wealth in approaching the town of Clonmel—"retreat" or "valley of honey." The numerous large establishments, the genteel residences with avenues and plantations, and the improved agriculture, spread an air of substantiality to which we had been quite unused. The wheat grown in this district is among the finest in the country, and, with the great water-power derived from the

Suir and its tributaries, has given rise to the extensive milling trade for which this town and its neighbours are so well known.

Our intended destination being the house of a Friend, about one mile on this side Clogheen, we pushed forward by hired car. The first part of the ride, along the banks of the Suir on one side, and through rising plantations—bordered by laurestinus in full blossom, and other ornamental evergreens—on the other, is extremely beautiful. At Ardfinnan there is an ancient castle and ruined tower, most picturesquely overlooking the river, just where it is crossed by a bridge. Beyond this the daylight failed.

Ballyboy House, the residence of Susanna Fennell, proved half a mile out of the public road, and quite solitary. A letter of introduction, which we expected would have preceded us, had been delayed. The family had not very long occupied this house, and had not been without disturbances and alarm, from persons of suspicious character intruding themselves, and endeavouring to obtain an entrance upon one pretence or another. We were strangers, and wholly unexpected. The sound of unknown wheels, the excited state of the times, and the hour considerably after dark, were all questionable circumstances. It was therefore some time before the door was opened,—amid the

clatter of a variety of dogs,—and admittance obtained from the servant girl with evident reluctance. A further period elapsed before any of the family were visible; and I must say we began to feel a little awkward, at the fear of not being able to give a good and satisfactory account of ourselves, and the pain of having been, most innocently, the cause of creating a moment's alarm. At last Wm. Fennell, the only son then in the house, made his appearance; and after some explanations and recognitions, and the gradual restoration of confidence, I need not say with what a grateful sense we have now to recur to the hospitality with which we were entertained and received into the bosom of this truly kind family. They had recently drank deeply of the cup of affliction; and there is that which is felt by those whose pathway has been beneath the great waters, although unknown before.

The Meeting at Cahir, being eight miles distant, gave us a cursory glance over so much of the country there and back. There are many beautiful spots about this neighbourhood, among which is Cahir Abbey, close to the town; and the town itself is rapidly improving, under the patronage of Lord Glengall, its owner. In the evening, accompanied by Wm. and Joshua Fennell, we walked a few miles into the poor district over the river, be-

hind their house, along the foot of the Knockmeiledown mountains. The land is stony, and for the most part sterile, yet thickly scattered over with cabins of the usual character. Selecting one of the worst looking as a specimen, those who entered first were wholly baffled in detecting the internal contents, either animate or inanimate, on account of the smoke and darkness. After some time, however, a "lump of darkness" moved from between the eye and a few turf embers, which proved to be one of the inmates. The man soon after entered, and we found it belonged to a "squatter," who had never paid any rent, nor his father before him, and had no means of livelihood whatever. The family obtained soup daily from the soup-kitchen at Castle-grace, which was under the especial care of Susanna Fennell and family. The situation of Ballyboy House is immediately at the foot of the Knockmeiledown mountains, commanding likewise most noble views of the Galtee chain in front. A dense mass of rolling clouds had obscured the summit of Galtee-more—the loftiest in this part of Ireland—the whole of the day; but partly clearing off towards evening, there was a gain of those grand successions of light and shade, and noble outline on either hand, which take place in endless variety wherever the majestic mountain is the character of the scenery.

At breakfast next morning we had the company of a gentleman, closely allied to a noble family of the county, who is one of those actively engaged in endeavouring to mitigate the condition of the poor in his neighbourhood, and had himself given up some expenses and luxuries habitual in his rank of life. He was then occupied upon the new Government relief measures, which he considered impracticable, from the non-existence —if from nothing more—of the presumed machinery of persons willing and qualified according to the Act; and the impossibility of working it, from what may be called its mere friction. For instance, he stated, that in one district alone it would require 13,000 signatures of the noble chairman, in duplicate!

Wm. Fennell had kindly arranged to give up the day to a circuit among the poorer villages lying at the foot of the Galtee mountains, much as is described in page 26-27 of the Dublin Reports, No. 2. While waiting for the car at the hotel in Clogheen, I was much gratified with the simple and unaffected affability of Lord Lismore, who had occasion to enter the room at the inn, in his magisterial capacity. He is one of the resident landlords attentive to the welfare of his tenantry; and being the landlord of our friends, and learning our mission, he courteously invited

us to call at Shanbally Castle, if in our way. Proceeding along the high road, the little town of Ballyporeen, where we struck off to the mountains, is very poor indeed. There was reported to be much distress further along, upon the Kilworth mountain, on the borders of the county.

We first stopped at the village of Burnt-court, —retaining its name and ruin from the deed of Cromwell,—proceeding next to Tencurry, where the soup-kitchen is established in buildings belonging to a Friend; and then to Tubrid, where the arrangements appeared extensive and excellent. All these were established in very poor and destitute localities, at a distance of four to five miles asunder, principally by the personal exertions of Wm. Fennell, actively co-operated with, and assisted by, the eldest son of Lord Lismore. At the two latter places, 3,200 quarts of soup, or rather porridge, were distributed daily, to upwards of 800 families,—at one of them the boilers being filled four or five times. The amount of distress thus mitigated is beyond calculation, and was stated to be apparent even in the looks of the poor people since the soup-kitchens had been in action. It was delightful, in passing along the roads, to mark their becoming and orderly conduct, as we met the women and girls radiating from the different centres of attraction; many a really

graceful figure bearing her vessel on her head, and groups collected, not wholly unworthy the Greek or Italian artist.

Before leaving, Susanna Fennell kindly accepted of some arrow-root we had brought with us, for the use of the poor in this large district; and Wm. Fennell of a small supply of our different seeds, specially for the old labourers about their former paternal residence of Rehill, which was situated in the very centre of this day's excursion.

Not liking to be so close in the neighbourhood without seeing the celebrated caves, we had ordered a car to be in readiness directly after breakfast. They lay scarcely out of the line between here and Mitchellstown; but wishing to vary the route, we struck off from Clogheen to Shanbally Castle, the seat of Lord Lismore, whom we met just at the corner of a country lane unattended, and who reined his horse with great affability to speak to us and renew his invitation to call. At the entrance lodge a soup-kitchen is established, under the personal superintendence of the noble owner's sister, a lady who devotes her time to the purpose. The castle is approached by a handsome drive through the domain, and is a remarkably chaste and elegant modern castellated building. The plantations and walks are laid out in the

highest degree of taste, and contain every variety of wood and water, open glade and shady vista, wild copse and trim flower-garden, all shut in and secluded by dark magnificent mountain boundaries. The ornamental evergreens are remarkably fine and thriving, and here and there is a noble oak. This beautiful demesne evinces what can be done by design and culture, being taken out of a hard and dreary region,—a perfect oasis in the surrounding desert.

The entrance to the caves is not far from the further gate of the park. Their position is truly disappointing. I had anticipated a clamber half up the side of the mountain, and then some vast rift or chasm, not attainable without difficulty and danger. Their entrance is close to a small village, in a plain field, by something like an abandoned quarry, and in no way remarkable. They were discovered fourteen years ago, quite accidentally, by the man who acts as guide. Not expecting visitors, being rather before their season, he was absent; but a man and a boy to carry the candles, and a couple of lasses who knew the caverns, were soon mustered. The mouth of the cave is kept under lock and key, and is very narrow and steep down at first. Being the first visit this season, a ladder had to be adjusted to a fault in the rock, of about ten to twelve feet perpendicular, and then

all difficulty is over, except occasionally stooping in some parts of an irregular passage, of about 100 yards in length, and in some subsequent galleries. In general terms, the caves may be described as a series of great chinks in the limestone rocks, at different depths, opening out into chambers of various forms and dimensions, and all connected together by their several ramifications. These are variously incrusted with stalactitic formations, and mimic architecture more or less perfect; some depending from the roof like enormous icicles or chandeliers, depositing the like matter underneath, and thus constantly approximating, until, having met, they assume the form of pillars supporting the roof. These are in every stage of formation, sometimes assuming singular and grotesque shapes, according as the process may have been interrupted from some cause, or taken an irregular direction; and all sorts of names have been bestowed, according to their fancied resemblances. There is the House of Commons, and the much grander House of Lords. There is Adam's organ; Queen Elizabeth's ruff; the chandler's shop; the tower of Babel; the beehive; the wheel and spindle; the Turk's cap; the waterfall; the £50 pillar, from that sum having been refused for it; &c., &c. The regular guide, having heard of his visitors, had hastened

back from Clogheen, and met us in the caves as we were just returning, without having visited the lowest one, which is about 200 feet beneath the surface, and our junior guides had been fearful of the water it might contain. He soon took a light, and ordering one of the girls to remain behind with her candle, conducted us down a long, steep, irregularly arched gallery, and then requested us to look back and upward through the long vista. The effect was most extraordinary. The girl had placed her taper behind a semi-transparent screen of stalactite, in order to bring out its fine hues, and the ruddy light, mellowed by the gloom into a soft glow, fell upon the rich sun-burnt features of her full bust—miniatured in by the fretwork and distance—with a tone and colouring I have never seen approached by any work of art, and perfectly inimitable. In another part we came to the Cross-roads, where two passages intersect at right angles,—more than one, the guide said,—extending a mile. Last year, a curtain closing one of the passages was broken through, and a further long gallery discovered, leading past a deep chasm, terminating in a spacious and splendid chamber, called, after the noble owner, "Lord Kingston's Hall." There are twenty-four large chambers, besides many smaller ones, and three miles of gallery in all, at present discovered; se-

veral of which have never been traced to the end, and additions are being made every year. Some of the spar is very beautiful, and it is altogether one of the most wonderful specimens of Nature's handy-work under ground.

We had spent so long time in the caves, as to find ourselves too late for the public car on reaching Mitchellstown. This gained us, however, more time to look round, and the drive through the park, permitted to private vehicles. Mitchellstown is a much larger and better place than I had anticipated. The lodge offices form a long range on one side of a large square in the centre of the town, and the Kingston Arms Hotel occupies nearly another. Lord Kingston is likewise a resident landlord, and excellently spoken of. The castle is of the same style and date, but much larger and more massive than Lord Lismore's; and the domain is fine, but not such a complete gem. The country, for some miles through Kildorrery, wears an improved aspect; it is watered by several fine streams, the land well cultivated, with slated houses, trees, and hedgerows, several substantial farms, and flocks and herds in the fields. A large breadth we understood to be under wheat, and the roads were excellent where not interfered with by the public works.

The cabins by the road-side became deterio-

rated on the approach to Mallow, as is usually the case in the vicinity of all the larger towns. The main street looked substantial. We found the inn full, in consequence of the Assizes. An excellent horse had brought us here; and being promised another equally good, we had no hesitation in pushing forward, though a stage further than we had intended.

The river Blackwater adorns the landscape for several miles, and the country appeared pleasing as long as the twilight held out, but with increased signs of poverty and neglect in the neighbourhood of Kanturk. In this out of the way thoroughly Irish town, we had rejoiced ourselves at the appearance of a white-fronted genteel-looking hotel, nearly detached, in the centre of the town, approached by a handsome flight of steps, to which the car drove up. Our congratulations were soon cooled by its proving inside everything that was bad and abominable, in attendance, food, and filthiness; and glad enough we were to get away the next morning, though in an uncomfortably wetting Scotch mist, that seemed likely to last the whole day.

The road to Killarney passes through a coal district, which formerly gave employment to a considerable number of men, but is now much reduced in consequence of the price of the coal and

preference of the poor to turf. The country is not interesting until the great mountains begin to loom on the left, and first the Paps, then Mangerton and the Turk mountains, and finally Macgillicuddy's Reeks, heave into sight. The clouds, however, were on the summits of them all day. Killarney was as dirty and poor as ever; and there we dare not stop. I had seen the lakes before, and onward to the far west was now the motto. We just caught sight of the Lower Lake, with Ross Castle, and the lovely Innisfallen, and drove round by the new Victoria Hotel, but everything was shrouded in the increasing mist.

The river Laune—the outlet of the lakes—falls into Castlemaine Haven at Killorglin. Lough Garra is on the left, with a fine salmon stream running out of it. The country here becomes very wild and dreary. We changed horses at a neat little place, kept by an Englishman, called Glenbay or Brookes's, just half way, where a very comfortable night's lodging may be had, and we should have been glad to have taken, had we known of it before. Just beyond, an uncommonly fine mountain, crowned with plantations, and a wild stream sweeping round its base, seems to oppose the thoroughfare. This passed, the road takes to the coast, and is conducted, at a great height, along a most noble range of headlands,

one after the other, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but the vast rock and soaring mountain on the one hand, and on the other sheer down into the ocean, lashing for ever those majestic and inaccessible barriers. There were some fearful glens, and the view both before and behind appeared at times completely sea and mountain-locked. The road leaves the coast to avoid a mountain on the right, and appears to enter a truly savage region; but darkness overtook us an hour before entering the town of Cahirciveen.

LETTER XI.

CAHIRCIVEEN—KENMARE.

8th—9th of 4th mo. 1847.

We arrived at Cahirciveen late last evening, in the dark and very wet. I am therefore not able to do justice to the approach to this new city of the west. Behind it rises a lofty mountain, and before it flows the estuary of the Valentia river. In it there is nothing particularly interesting: the country around is wild and dreary. Magnificent cliffs continue all along the coast; but this is several miles from the town itself. About one mile before reaching the town, the house is pointed out where Daniel O'Connell was born. It is nothing remarkable at the present time.

The accommodation at the "Royal Mail Hotel and Post-Office" is not of the first-rate character. We preferred a very small room to ourselves, rather than a three-bedded one shared with another gentleman. I should strongly recommend any one coming this way, and not bound by business, to be two hours earlier, and cross over

to Valentia Island, where there is a very comfortable new hotel immediately on landing.

At the hotel in Cahirciveen we met several gentlemen, members of the Relief Committee, and others. Maurice O'Connell, though residing at his father's, fifteen miles (Irish) off, usually attends the Relief Committee weekly, and was fully expected that day. He was spoken of as very attentive to the wants and sufferings of the neighbourhood, and as maintaining a most hospitable house.

It was still a most unpromising driving rain, and blowing heavily when the landlord called us in the morning. He declared it was too stormy to be able to get over to Valentia Island. The ferry at Rynard Point is about three miles from the inn. Having made our arrangements for the car over-night, we were determined to go down, at all events, to the water-side, to see for ourselves. It looked rough and unpleasant, and the boat was on the other side. But the island of Valentia was stretched out before us; and if the boat could come over for us, we did not think there would be much risk in its taking us back again. The weather, too, had now begun to clear up, and the wind was obviously abating. It took some time for the ferry-boat to make its way across, to get on board, and push off again. It was still blow-

ing fresh, but no kind of danger; and we much enjoyed the "long pull and the pull altogether," and the splash and dance over the strait, of about three quarters of a mile, which took half an hour. When safely landed, we had occasion to congratulate ourselves, in the exchange from the other side, over a very comfortable breakfast, with everything clean and good, and agreeable attendance. During breakfast the Protestant clergyman came in, and wished me to call on an English resident gentleman, who works the celebrated slate quarries at the back of the island. After much interesting conversation, I arranged to send a small supply of seeds, under his care and that of the minister, for the benefit of the poor inhabitants, who would not otherwise have obtained any.

Finding the master of the ferry, who had crossed over with us, a respectable and intelligent man, and that we should save time thereby, we accepted the offer of his services to conduct us over the island. The weather, in the mean time, had cleared up wonderfully; and the sun came out with that extra joyousness and brilliancy, as if to make up for lost time, when he seems to get the better of falling weather, and triumphantly drives the mist and clouds away. We took the middle road through the island, as commanding the most

to be seen, which leads past the chapel, with a moderate ascent sufficient to overlook the bay. The island is the property of the Knight of Kerry, whose residence we look down upon on the right. The slate quarries are some distance further, on the same side. At a considerable elevation our guide requested us to pause: and oh! what a glorious picture! Beneath our feet lay the noble harbour of Valentia, where all the navies of the world might ride in safety. At the narrow opening between the island and Innisbeg, the Atlantic appeared to be pouring in. It has depth sufficient for vessels of any size, in any state of the tide; is accessible in all weathers, and perfectly sheltered within. It is further protected by the noble projecting foreland of Doulas Head, against which the great Atlantic was beating with a force and fury that sent the spray spouting up as if discharged by some powerful artillery beneath; while the subdued waves within were curling and cresting among the rocks, and in the sweet little bays, as if in the most beautiful pastime. It only required looking across to the Dingle side to be convinced of the excellency of the advice taken the previous day. I had much wished to have visited the opposite peninsula, by taking the route from Tralee to Dingle, and crossing the bay to Valentia, but was strongly advised against it at

Killarney, on account of the navigation being foul and uncertain, and by no means always to be accomplished with the boats of the country; in which case there would be no alternative but waiting for fair weather, or coming all round by land, which would have incurred the loss of a day or two, I did not feel to be at command. Surveying the ocean across the bay, it was obviously impracticable, or the attempt was what we should not have ventured upon. The mist had not entirely cleared off in the distance, but on the other side we could plainly see the Blasquets,—the most westerly of all our islands; the Eagle mountain,—the property and patronymic of Lord Monteagle; and, just distinguishable in the further distance, Brandon, 3,126 feet in altitude. Leaving these charming land and water prospects, we passed some rocks that looked most inviting habitats for some of the rarer ferns; and then, turning the crest of the high ground, obtained a view of the whole island south-westward. The cottages in the interior are very poor, and the people undergoing much hardship, but there did not appear to be that intense degree of misery and suffering we had witnessed in some other parts. We spoke to one poor man at work on his plot, inquiring what he was going to set. "Faith, God knows," was his answer, "I have nothing at all, at all." He

had the first patch of potatoes we had seen anywhere up; and, seeing his industry, we had much pleasure in telling him to prepare all the land he was able to, and apply to the clergyman, or the other gentleman, in a week's time.

The Protestant and Catholic inhabitants are about as one to twenty. Our walk over the island impressed us greatly with its beauty and capability. The climate is remarkably mild. Snow is rarely seen, and ice the thickness of a shilling is an uncommon occurrence. We left the island at the point opposite to Portmagee,—where we had ordered the car to meet us,—ferried over by the man and three stout girls.

The ferryman occupied a small farm, on which he gave employment to as many as his means allowed; and, though things pressed very hard upon him, seemed anxious to mitigate the still greater want and poverty of his neighbours. Believing him to be an honest man, I proposed to send him a small supply of seed, which he has since received, and acknowledges in the following terms, under date 4th of May. "I have distributed your parcels of turnip and Belgian white carrot seeds to the different persons in my neighbourhood. They send you their blessing, and offer up their prayers for you, and all persons who would be willing to serve them."

Along the southern shore of this strait the country is poor and ill cultivated. The cabins, spread over the moor, are merely turf-built, and very wretched. But many of the occupiers were "squatters." This is part of the O'Connell property. I must, however, in justice, say, that the state of it is attributable to the system rather than to the man. Holding, as I do, that the domestic character of any one is that only upon which he is to be trusted, —that he only who ruleth his own household well is fit to rule others,—and that he who feels the Christian duties which property imposes upon him, and who as a landlord performs those duties, is alone qualified to make laws for the property of others, or to have any voice or influence in the government of a Christian country,—I was one of those who was much influenced in my opinion of the "Liberator" by the statements of the "Times Commissioner." An immense mass of valuable information, all bearing upon one point, was brought together by the industry and courage of that gentleman. But there was no reason why Daniel O'Connnell should have been selected as an example *per se*. That there is a large amount of poverty upon the remote, wild, and in many respects very unfortunately situated estates, which he either owns or holds, is undoubtedly true,—too sadly true. But many of his lot-holders are those

who have been driven away—"mercilessly evicted," as he himself says, from other estates, and have found refuge here; and "by this means have been saved from a worse fate, and rescued from starvation." Most of these poor tenantry had their cow, their pig, or their goats, last year, by which they supported themselves on the potato patch, paying little or no rent. The live stock are almost as clean swept from the face of the country as is the potato itself, and the poor cotters are consequently reduced to the greatest misery. Daniel O'Connell, by the universal report of the neighbourhood, has the character of being a kind, indulgent, and improving landlord; and bad as is the condition of many of the tenantry on his estates, they would be much worse off without him; and they are, by appearances, better and more comfortably off than those on the adjoining estates of some standing very high in the government of the country.

There is a considerable mixture of the old Spanish blood—transmitted likewise in the names of many of the places—all along the western coast of Ireland. Amid their extreme neglect and indigence, the fine figures, the elevated features, and the native grace and beauty of many a Kerry peasant girl, is often striking. The whole race of peasantry are perhaps among the most simple and affectionate, harmless and peaceable, hardy and intelligent, of any within our islands.

Proceeding towards Waterville by Eeny bridge, the country is bare and solitary in the extreme. Vast mountains, with many a wild stream and lonely lake, rear their desolate forms as far as the eye can reach, almost without inhabitant. The few there were, in sheltered spots or near the coast, appeared with more marks of industry about them than in many other parts. For such an out of the way place, there is a comfortable little inn, cheap, and a very civil landlord, at Waterville, on the fine bay of Ballinskelligs. Close by, on a small river coming out of Lough Curraun, is one of the most productive salmon weirs in the country, the property of a resident gentleman of the name of Butler. Beyond this the road ascends rapidly, and scaling the mountain side in sight of the sea, presents, I think, for the distance of four or five miles, the grandest succession of sublime scenery I know of anywhere. The height attained cannot be much less than 1000 feet; and the road is hewn among enormous blocks of impending rock, piled up to the summits of the mountains on one side, and shelving right down into the sea on the other. Out at sea, between Boulas Head and the singular long projection of Hog Head, are seen the pinnacled forms of the Great and Little Skellig. On turning the crown of the ridge, through a gap, a still more varied

and magnificent panorama bursts upon the sight. The long stretching peninsula terminated by Dursey Island, with the Bull, the Cow, and the Calf further out,—the noble opening of the river and bay of Kenmare, seen almost their whole length, with the Slievh Miskish and Caha mountains for boundaries,—the islands of Scariff and Dinish (the property of O'Connell) nearer at hand, with many others,—and the innumerable indentations, bays, creeks, rocks and promontories of both shores, with the sea curling and wantoning around and amongst them,—formed a wonderful assemblage as seen from this height. The descent was rapid, among wild rocks, down to Derrynane.

Not knowing the position of the family, and being without letters of introduction, I felt great hesitation in calling at Derrynane Abbey, though with repeated assurances of the hospitality of the house. To this I must add my warmest testimony. After the first difficulties of introduction were over, I may say, we were not *allowed* to proceed that day, by Maurice O'Connell. He personally took us round to the various interesting objects,—to the walk by the beach,—to the arsenal, where there was a moderate-sized boat re-building,—to the garden, showing us his father's favourite seat, in full view of the notorious Derrynane Beg,—and to the store, where a considerable number of

persons were being supplied with meal, and where he exercised his magisterial functions by taking a deposition or two. He seemed to take great pleasure in pointing out his father's and his own alterations and improvements. The house is an unpretending one, built at different periods, with more attention to comfort and convenience within, than to appearance and symmetry outside. The situation comprises every variety of wild and romantic land and water scenery. The party at the dinner table was small and plain, and perfectly without ceremony. The state of the country, the inefficient measures of Government, the relief works, the poor-laws, and of course Repeal, were topics of conversation, in which any idea of dismemberment of the empire was emphatically denied. No one could speak in stronger terms of invective against the filthy habits of the Irish poor when left to themselves, and their apathy to the introduction of new crops. He said the potato had not so completely failed in this part as in some others; and that most had still enough left for seed, which would be sown. Before leaving in the morning he called his steward, and to his trust I committed the last of our seeds.

We had now a long day's work of 26 Irish miles before us, without any conveyance, or anything of any kind to be had on the road. It is a winding

ascent from Derrynane, wild, but highly interesting. The district is very poor, and we heard of some bad cases of starvation along the coast. A long dreary ascent, somewhat inland, conducts on the other side to Sneem,—a poor, dirty village, without accommodation. Notwithstanding the previous caution, I had hoped to have got something here in the way of refreshment; but the only place bearing any appearance of supplying the wants of the traveller was so dismally dirty, and so full of other people, squatted before the peat fire on the ground, that we were glad to make our escape into the outer air without sitting down,—if there had been anything in the house to sit down upon. The road again became extremely fine as it gained the coast once more. The gorse, in full bloom, was a great ornament. There is a charming bit of scenery at Blackwater bridge, looking down into a deep chasm,—ornamented with hanging foliage above,—on to a wild black river below. Dromore Castle, the newly-built residence of a clergyman of property, who was highly spoken of as providing seed for his tenantry and as caring for the poor, occupies a fine position on the north bank of the estuary. We found it a long day's march before reaching the town of Kenmare.

LETTER XII.

KENMARE—WATERFORD.

10*th*—17*th of* 4*th mo.* 1847.

KILLARNEY, Kenmare, Glengariff, are names which have long been associated with all that is lovely and beautiful in the Sister Isle. The first-named I had visited on a former occasion; the two latter were new ground to me, but an investigation of the scenery was not now the object.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Kenmare,—tired, and a good deal exhausted. I had looked upon our painful mission as now completed, not having any idea of the awfully wretched condition of this town and neighbourhood, until accounts had begun to reach us, the last day or two, on approaching its vicinity. We were beset immediately with the most terrific details of the want and sufferings of the people: indeed it could not be concealed. The sounds of woe and wailing resounded in the streets throughout the night. I felt extremely ill, and was almost overcome.

In the morning I was credibly informed that NINE DEATHS had taken place during the night, *in the open streets*, from sheer want and exhaustion. The poor people came in from the rural districts in such numbers, in the hopes of getting some relief, that it was utterly impossible to meet their most urgent exigencies, and therefore they came in literally *to die*; and I might see several families lying about in the open streets, actually dying of starvation and fever, within a stone's throw of the inn. I went out accordingly. In the corner of an old inclosure, to which my steps were directed, on the bare ground, under the open heaven, was a *remnant of three*. One had just been carted away who had died in the night; the father had died before; the rest could not long survive. A little further, in a cask, placed like a dog-kennel, was a poor boy, who had lain there some time, in high fever, without friends or relatives. I proceeded down the main street. In the middle of it, on a little straw, under an open erection, made by placing two uprights and a board across them, were two women, horrible to behold, in the last stages of consumptive fever, brought on by evident starvation. The town itself is overwhelmed with poverty; and the swollen limbs, emaciated countenances, and other hideous forms of disease to be seen about, were innumerable. In no other part

of Ireland had I seen people falling on their knees to beg. It was difficult to sit over breakfast after this. Two clergymen, hearing of our being there, came in, along with Captain Herbert, the Government Inspector, who had just come down under the new relief measures. With one of the former, I immediately went to visit a family he had just come from. The house itself was not so completely wretched; but the scene within was the counterpart of what we had witnessed in Erris. He could have shown me many such. At his earnest request and representations, I engaged to visit his additional parish of Tuosist, lying along the southern shore of the Kenmare estuary, which I had previously heard described as in the most awfully destitute condition. The other clergyman, who officiated in Tuosist and Kilcatteen, still further down, was returning home. We all started together, the first-mentioned clergyman accompanying us about two miles.

A handsome suspension-bridge leads out of the town, and is a work of great public utility. The passage was often difficult, and liable to much detension, especially to the poor, before its erection, —to which the Marquis of Lansdowne, the principal owner of the town, and of the property in the neighbourhood, contributed liberally. But his influence does not extend to the welfare of the

peasantry on his estates in the parish of Tuosist. We took the car as far as Kilmichalog, about ten miles along the coast. It is a wild alpine region; the inhabitants being mostly self-dependent, and in ordinary times holding very little communication with the rest of the world. The clergyman depicted their present state and condition in the most affecting terms. He could think but of two persons at all in the condition of gentlemen residing in the whole district. He declared it to be his belief, that out of a population of upwards of 80,000, there were 10,000 who had no other means of subsistence, at the present moment, than seaweed and shell-fish from the rocks. There existed considerable remains of clanship among these mountaineers. He described them as a highly moral, a careless, but a peaceable and contented race, with great kindness and simple hospitality, and strong family attachments; but now the bonds of natural affection were fearfully broken and destroyed, under the pressure and sufferings of their present calamity. Their cattle, as in other places, had almost wholly disappeared. Cows had been parted with for 20*s.* to 25*s.*; sheep 8*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*, being brought in by the poor people to sell for anything they would fetch. At parting I handed him £5 for immediate urgency; and ordered to Kenmare two small bales of clothing I had

remaining in Dublin. The Central Committee have since responded to an application on behalf of this district.

From the spot where we parted with the car we struck directly up the mountains. There was a new road making under the public works, and a truly magnificent one it will be; requiring not a little first-rate engineering to carry it in the best way over the mountains. We pursued its yet only rough-hewn course with considerable difficulty—carried a great height above the lovely and secluded, but little known Lough Glenmore, until the works and work-people disappeared in the ascent, and we could no longer track it. We then made a short cut over the crest of the mountain, somewhat arduous, and down a tremendous defile to the junction with the new line on the other side; which—after some noble vistas into deep, abrupt-looking valleys, alive with the voice of waters, and the motion of many graceful white-threaded streamlets coming down from the heights—brought us out at Adragool, one of the sweet secluded harbours on the north side of Bantry Bay. The boundary line between the counties Kerry and Cork is passed on the summit.

We were deceived in the distances, and found the walk along the coast long and toilsome, though very fine. It is needless to caution the

experienced traveller against the length of the Irish miles. They are in proportion to the English, as 11 to 14, but in the rural unmeasured districts they know nothing of real distances. The people along this line are poor and distressed. The want of clothing is as great as the want of food. The wan, aged, and sunken countenances, and the silent beseeching look, *without a word spoken*, of some of the women and girls, is what enters into the heart deepest, and is the most difficult to bear. To describe properly the state of things in some of these wretched districts, is a vain attempt. It is impossible,—it is inconceivable. STARVATION,—a word that has now become so familiar, as scarcely to awaken a painful idea,—is NOT being two or three days deficient of food. *It is something quite different;* and the effects of dwindling and insufficient nourishment upon a whole population,—upon the mass of men, women, and the little children; the disease,—the emaciation,—the despair,—the extinction of everything human beyond it,—are utterly past the powers of description, or even of imagination, without witnessing. I am in possession of details beyond anything that has appeared in print, or, I believe, in private circulation; in fact, for the sake of poor humanity, unfit to communicate. My mind was at times so struck down, that for days together the pen has

refused its office; the appalling spectacles have seemed to float between, whenever I attempted it, and to paralyze every effort. The loss of a parent, of a child, we know what it is in any one of our families. If the causes are, or appear to have been, in any way within the reach of neglected assistance, or of human control, we know how manifold the agony is increased. Multiply this into all the cabins, the populous way-sides, the far-off solitary mountain hamlets,—vivify the details of famine and pestilence, by thousands and tens of thousands, throughout the length and breadth of Ireland,—and we may have some idea of the voice of anguish and lamentation that now ascends from her whole land.

We had to regret the darkness overtaking us in the latter part of this walk. After losing sight of the bay and the opposite mountains, it was a very long ascent, and then it seemed an almost endless descent; in the course of which we first looked down upon, and then rounded the foot of a most romantic mountain-locked lake. Ravines were crossed, that looked fearful in the twilight, with the rushing sound of wild waters below; and the last forms of the mountains that were visible were truly grand.

We had no time left to investigate the beauties of Glengariff. To all appearances it was a most

delightful spot, combining perhaps the lovely and the grand, the mighty rock and the secluded bower, the sweet cove and the majestic mountain, in the highest degree possible. The remainder of the journey was a rapid return through Bantry, where we heard the distress was very great; Skibbereen, where distress and fever had much abated—we were informed, that in the barony of West Carberry, comprising the south-west corner of the island, out of a population of 97,000 probably one-fourth had been carried off; Roscarberry, Clonakilty, and Bandon, to Cork. In this great city fever was much on the increase, and ascending in the scale of society. There were stated to be 22,000 extra paupers in the city at that time. From Cork we proceeded by Watergrasshill and Rathcormuck, through the handsome town of Fermoy by Clogheen to Clonmel. Here we had the satisfaction of attending the Quarterly Meeting for Munster, and of visiting, in company with a very kind friend, the soup-kitchen, jail, auxiliary poor-house, additional fever-hospital, and the lunatic asylum, all which appeared to be under the most efficient management. I must here acknowledge the kindness of C. Bianconi, in forwarding the various parcels of seeds to the far west, free of expense, on application. I think it right to mention the terms of esteem and gratitude

in which, throughout this whole journey, I heard the efforts of England and Englishmen towards Ireland everywhere spoken of, under the desolation which has been permitted thus mysteriously to sweep over the land.

From Clonmel we took the public car to Waterford; visited the admirable soup-kitchen established under the care of Friends in that city; and came off by mail-boat to Milford, on the morning of the 16th, and were favoured to reach home in safety the following day,—thus exactly completing an absence of Six Weeks in Ireland.

CONCLUSION.

It may now be naturally inquired,—what is the result? Has any good been accomplished?—can any good be accomplished for Ireland? Is there any improvement? Have we a more cheering prospect for the future? or is there any *possibility* of a change for the better? Are there any remedies that can be applied to prevent the recurrence of the same evils?

The simple travelling of an Englishman in Ireland, at the present juncture, with his mind open, and his heart in his hand,—the interchange of information and experience,—the mere expenditure of the money,—I believe to be a great good. The result of our individual seed-sowing has yet to be shown. We have reason to believe upwards of 2,000 poor cottiers have been more or less set to work on their own plots, with the stimulus of obtaining, by their own labour, some future supply of food for their families, where they would not otherwise have had any; and introducing new ideas, as well as the necessity of better habits of agriculture,

than dependence on the one unfortunate root. Female industry has been upheld and promoted in several places, by the funds placed at our disposal by the Ladies' Committee of London; and flax-sowing to some extent has been encouraged in two fresh quarters. The sight of a stranger in some of these remote localities is like that of a friend; and I do trust we have been made instrumental in holding up the hands of individuals here and there, who were devoting their *all* in some of the distressed districts, in endeavouring to alleviate the misery around them, but were ready to faint, and all but borne down by the weight and extent of the calamity. We have felt it a great privilege to be thus employed, at whatever sacrifice. I expect a full report will be received from every locality in which the seeds have been scattered.

In these Letters I have endeavoured to give a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the distressed portions of Ireland, drawn upon the spot, with the vivid delineations of truth, but without exaggeration or colouring, and as concisely as possible; accompanied by such details as might serve to illustrate the actual condition of things, to indicate the causes that have operated, and the elements that are still at work, or exist to be worked upon, in her domestic and social constitution. Any of

these might have been expanded into a volume. What is the picture? Take the line of the main course of the Shannon, continued north to Lough Swilly, and south to Cork. It divides the island into two great portions, east and west. In the eastern there is distress and poverty enough, as part of the same body, suffering from the same causes; but there is much to redeem. In the west it exhibits a people, not in the centre of Africa, the steppes of Asia, the backwoods of America,—not some newly-discovered tribes of South Australia, or among the Polynesian Islands,—not Hottentots, Bushmen, or Esquimeaux,—neither Mahomedans nor Pagans,—but some millions of our own Christian nation at home, living in a state and condition low and degraded to a degree unheard of before in any civilized community; driven periodically to the borders of starvation; and now reduced, by a national calamity, to an exigency which all the efforts of benevolence can only mitigate, not control; and under which *absolute thousands* are not merely pining away in misery and wretchedness, but are dying like cattle off the face of the earth, from want and its kindred horrors! Is this to be regarded in the light of a Divine dispensation and punishment? Before we can safely arrive at such a conclusion, we must be satisfied that human agency and legislation, indi-

vidual oppressions, and social relationships, have had no hand in it.

I am aware of the immense amount of prejudice that has to be met in approaching this subject. I am aware that in conversing with a large class of well-intentioned persons in Ireland, one is met with the notions in which they have been educated, and with all sorts of doubts and discouragements; such as, that the question is surrounded with difficulties; dangerous to meddle with; and what is worse than all, with their very imperfect acquaintance with Ireland, gleaned only from the particular prejudices and the partial influences in their locality, being mistaken for a knowledge of the whole land and people. I do not believe in the reality of the difficulties. They are the creations of fear, of interest, or the want of faith in principle,—the lion in the way of the slothful man. If one prejudice is opposed by another, the stronger will gain the mastery. But I never yet knew any prejudice able to withstand the undermining influence of the power of reason and evidence, when silently applied; nor falsehood and usurpation to resist the light of truth, where each had equally fair play.

Some of the social evils under which Ireland peculiarly labours have been hinted at, as occasion occurred, in the course of these Letters. There is,

I believe, scarcely another country where the proprietary is so small, and have so little direct interest in the soil: that is, where the number of acres, divided by the number of lords of the soil, gives so large a result. Add to this the almost universality of absenteeism in the west, and let the two facts be treasured up.

Emigration is proposed as a remedy. So long as there is land that would repay the expense of labour lying unreclaimed, and much more land only half cultivated, it is opposed to every mercantile principle to send that labour away. We have in Ireland the two great elements that lie at the foundation of all national and individual wealth,—land and labour. We have them both in superabundance. With an immense amount of labour lying idle, which might be applied to the equally idle soil, the waste of national wealth is beyond calculation. The want of national policy is as great as the national sin in this neglect. Place these three or four million Irish in a fair position, enable them to earn the necessities and decencies of life, and we have a finer market opened at home than any of our hard-earned and expensively maintained possessions abroad: and Ireland is capable of maintaining several times its present amount of population. At the best, emigration can only be like the medical man's remedy

of bleeding, which can but be done at the expense of the constitution.

Poor-laws are offered as a remedy. While it is freely admitted that the labourer has the first claim to maintenance upon the soil which produces abundance, the principle of unearned compulsory support is the worst form in which this right can be enforced, and is known to be most deteriorating both to character and morality. Every reflecting mind, while it acknowledges the necessity and the Christian duty, under the present affecting circumstances of Ireland, deplores the consequences of the gratuitous relief that has been pouring in on all sides, knowing that it must inevitably breed a mass of corruption; and, with their natural inclinations, was almost the worst thing that could be done for her people, unless powerfully counteracted by other means, and the influence of active principles.

Loans upon a large scale have been suggested, and eagerly sought for as a panacea. While real capital is essential in healthy action, artificial capital but inflames the evils in a diseased and unhealthy state. No mercantile or banking establishment would lend its money for the sake of supporting a concern, however rich in itself, that did not make proper use of its own resources, or where those resources were so ill employed as to be converted in expense and extravagance. A

sound discretion, wishing to benefit its best friend, would say,—Justify your accounts; give us some guarantee or security on your present resources, as the basis of profitable investment or occupation of more; or if you are so embarrassed and involved as to be unable to do the best, get rid of your incumbrances, wind up the old order of things, and begin anew, and then we will help you: otherwise additional means will be wasted or worse,—the catastrophe may be deferred, but the ultimate dividend will be diminished.

Is there anything inherent in the national character fatal to improvement? The Irish are accused of being lazy, improvident, reckless of human life. I doubt their being much more so than the English, the Americans, or any other nation would be under the like circumstances. The distances to which an Irish labourer will go for work, and the hardships he will submit to, are notorious; and the private correspondence of all who have entered into the subject teems with evidence of the alacrity of the poor women and peasant girls for employment of any kind, and of the teachableness and skill they exhibit. The appeal to a wider range of facts is irresistible. Who come over in such numbers to reap our harvests, dig our canals, construct our railroads, in fact wherever hard work is to be obtained? Who save up what

money they can, during harvest-time, and such-like seasons of extra employment, to take back to their families at home? Who, in a country where labour is better remunerated, send over sums exceeding all that the wealthy have raised in charity, to comfort those they have left behind, or help over their poor friends and relatives to what they think that happier land? The generosity of the Irish was never questioned. Their peaceableness has been put to the severest test. In no other country, probably, could such a state of things have endured so long, and to such an extremity, without ten-fold more outrages than have been committed. They are naturally a contented and a happy race. The charge of recklessness of human life—apart from those deplorably aggravated deeds arising invariably out of natural jealousies—is answered by the perfect safety of a stranger amongst them; and it has further been placed on the right shoulders in another quarter, more fearlessly than I durst have penned it here.

Is their religion the cause of the low and degraded state of the Irish people? The influence of an Established Church, not in harmony with the sympathies of the people, and compulsorily maintained, I am bound to believe injurious. The paramount injustice, and the deteriorating and disorganizing effects among all classes, are, I be-

lieve, among the sorest burdens and greatest detriments in every way that afflict Ireland. The Protestant form of doctrine I most sincerely believe to be nearer the original sources, and far more favourable to the development of industry, and of individual and national independence, intelligence, and enterprise. I regard the claim to allegiance spiritual, of which the Roman Catholic Church is the exponent, as the key-stone of priest craft; and, under whatever form or denomination, as the great barrier to human progress. But if I hear the Irish disinclination to cleanliness attributed to their religion, I cannot help remarking—the Scotch are Protestant; or if their idle and improvident habits placed to the same account, I must answer—the Belgians are Catholic. Isolate the poor Irishman from the circumstances that depress him,—place him in any other part of the world,—give him the same reward for his labour, —the same hopes and prospects of success as another, and look at him then, with or without the form of his religion unchanged. I need hardly refer to the services which have been rendered to this country in every department of literature and the arts, at the Bar, and in the State, and in some fields with which I cannot sympathize, by distinguished Irishmen.

What, then, is the grand cause of the constant

depression of a country and a people formed by Nature to be one of the richest in the world? What is it that makes our Sister a continual beggar and a drain upon us, our weakness and deformity, a spot upon our escutcheon, instead of, as she might be, our pride, our beauty, and our strength? Let us look narrowly at unjust and partial legislation. Has she been treated as a Sister? a Bride? or as a captive slave won by the force of arms, kept by coertion, and therefore unattached and restless, miserable, and easily to be won by others? Has she not ever been treated as a conquered province? We know how even the Act of Union was brought about. Have not the alterations and ameliorations up to the present time been wrung by fear, or granted as eleemosynary favours, and not as due and equable rights? Has it not been coertion here and indulgence there,—a manacle and a sop? and is this the way to educate a rational and intelligent people? There is nothing in the state or position of Ireland that has required her being on any but the same or an equal footing with the ancient kingdoms of Wessex or Mercia,—with Cornwall or Northumberland,—if we wished her to constitute an integral part of the same empire. Still though the Legislature can do much, in removing or mitigating the elements of evil, we must not look to

legislative means for doing everything towards the regeneration of Ireland. I wish to put this on the right basis. I have little faith in the power of human Governments for active good. The true mission of Government is to repress evil, to withstand the encroachments of individuals, and to counteract the oppressions and the constant tendency to arbitrariness, which the various combinations of selfishness exercise towards individuals, or towards one another, in an artificial and competing state of society. Whenever Government attempts to do positive good, it mistakes its functions, and rarely does more than exchange one form of oppression for another. It is by individual exertion, regeneration and development, that active and permanent good can alone be effected. By setting free their latent and long-smothered energies,—by awakening their industry, their self-reliance, their feeling of duty and responsibility,—virtue is born and nurtured among the masses. You cannot force freedom on the slave, economy on the spendthrift, duty on the unconscientious, religion on the wrong or the orphaned in heart, by any legal enactments or outside observances. The internal principles must be brought into activity, the self-supporting powers developed, or you are building without foundations upon the sand,—you are placing leaves and branches on a life-

less stump, in expectation of having fruit therefrom.

The difficulties of Ireland lie more in the remnants of the hereditary and inveterate selfishness of the old feudal times,—the laws of entail and primogeniture,—the principle of serfdom in the tenure of land, being there left in greater vigour, —and in the partial and class legislation by which they are maintained, than in any other cause. The powers of the soil and the talents of the people, now lying waste and idle, require simply to be liberated, and to be brought into mutual and healthy action and co-operation one with another. The duty of Government, when it has no crooked policy, no party interests to serve, is plain and straightforward,—to grant freedom to the utmost point of safety, whether in reference to land, to labour, to manufactures, or to the multitudinous products and blessings of the soil,—and to turn to the best account for all. The great principles of right and justice are therein involved. The time is gone by when the old doctrine, "that a man had a right to do what he liked with his own," is held to be true, either as regards individuals or Governments. A man or a Government has only a right to do its duty with its own, improperly so called. There is no right without a duty, and the right ceases if the duty is not performed. This

principle lies at the bottom of all social compacts, and of all legitimacy. If a man has 100,000 acres, and either does not or cannot occupy them, —if he does not turn them to profitable account, or improve the talent entrusted to him, he forfeits his title, because it is a violation of the compact by which he holds it, and an injury to others, and to the State under whose authority alone he obtains that title. Not that the same should be taken away by force; but the State is justified—nay called upon —to interfere, and require him to part with to others what he cannot use or properly maintain himself, at what it is worth under *his* management. Our Government has made a move in the right direction, by setting free the trade in corn. Where would Ireland or England have been now, and what fertilizing streams of benevolence from America would have been stopped in their sources, but for this righteous amelioration of a mistaken code? The next natural step forward is to set free the land. Facilitate its transfer, in every legitimate way, from the hands of nominal to those of real proprietors, —from those who will not or cannot perform the duties incumbent upon property, to those who can. The one would be as glad to get rid of the burden as the other to purchase the boon. Free it from all those unnatural and impolitic incumbrances and embarrassments which oppress the

soil, and see the effects in Ireland, where things can scarcely be worse, and where the opposite system has for so long worked so badly. Everything I have seen, heard, or read, points to one simple and natural measure for Ireland—FREE TRADE IN LAND. I believe the liberation of the land from its incumbrances and mismanagement, —the bringing it to a free, fair, and open market,— would be felt immediately to vibrate throughout Ireland, in its invigorating influence, like pouring new life-blood into her veins. Capital, which in a commercial country is like the lubricating oil between the labourer and his raw material, would instantly commence flowing in legitimate and healthful channels; as it can never fail to do, where the cheapest markets are opened, be it in land or labour, or any other element of productive industry; increasing the value in proportion to its free access, and giving value to what was worthless before. The millions of uncultured, and at present worthless acres, would put on a value, and be brought under the productive labour of the millions of unemployed poor, whose social position would be raised, as they would be taught of necessity the wants and the comforts of life. Every class would be benefited; and no one would be injured unless those who prey upon the mystifications and incumbrances at present involving the tenure of

land, inflicting a fearful amount of inequality and injustice, the accumulation and behest of the feudal bye-gone ages, which must be swept away to make room for a simple and effective measure. Without it I believe all our temporary measures, our subscriptions, our societies, our new poor-laws, our emigrations, our industrial schools, our religious missions, will prove vain and fruitless,—mere palliations, that can no longer be maintained when the excitement is past, or serve only to inflame the evil eventually. All will be smothered beneath the incubus that oppresses the country, or sink back and be swallowed up in the same order of things, with the same results, one dire calamity treading in the footsteps of another, each with a still more fearful train of horrors.

It is but a faint picture that has ever yet been drawn of the miseries and sufferings of Ireland. It has been difficult to confine the narrative within limits. Volumes might be written without detailing a tithe of the shocking truths. Some of the scenes have retained their grasp upon the imagination day and night. Such a state of things as has long existed in Ireland would not have been suffered by England in any foreign country, without pouring forth its missionaries. Such abandonment of duty and responsibility would not have been endured in England. I have elsewhere

written, that if the *animals* had been anywhere allowed to live and die off in the manner of these poor people, the nation would have been up in arms against the owner of that estate.

To conclude, in the words of a late visitor to some of these districts, "Let us not consider our duty to Ireland fulfilled, by the effort to meet its present necessity. Its general and permanent condition is a subject in itself almost too dreadful to contemplate. Famine is there no new cry. It is a periodic disease. Every year there are districts where prevails somewhat of that misery that now rules the land. For a large portion of its population, all the great purposes of existence are forgotten in the struggle with death. I would not now discuss the causes of this condition, nor attempt to apportion blame to its authors; but of this one fact there can be no question, that the result of our social system is, that vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen,—of the peasantry of one of the richest nations the world ever knew,—have not leave to live. Surely such a social result is not only a national misfortune, but a national sin, crying loudly to every Christian citizen to do his duty to remove it. No one of us can have any right to enjoy either riches or repose, until, to the extent of his ability, he strive to wash himself of all share in the guilt of this fearful ine-

quality, which will be a blot in the history of our country, and make her a bye-word among the nations."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

(Pages 3—4).

Dr. Harvey states, in a letter addressed to the "Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends," with a copy of which he has favoured me, that the saving by the adoption of "genuine brown bread, made from the best whole wheaten meal, which meal is the wheat well ground, but retaining the whole of the bran, in place of the more usual white bread used in families," and, especially if made by a process without fermentation, is under-estimated at 25 per cent. He supports his statement by the following extracts.

"It has been calculated that the people might produce for themselves five million quarters of wheat before the next harvest, simply by eating brown bread. It is well known that out of 112 lbs. of wheat 28 lbs. are taken in the shape of brans and coarse flour, leaving only 84 lbs. of fine flour. Now, if the brans only were taken out, which would in no case exceed 8 lbs., there would be left 104 lbs. of nutritious flour, more wholesome and more digestible, as every man can testify, than the flour now used; so that, as 104 exceeds 84 by one-fourth, twenty million quarters, which is believed to

be about our consumption annually, would, if dressed in this way, produce as much flour as twenty-five millions."

"Fermentation destroys part of the flour or meal. We find in consequence, that a sack, or 280 lbs., which makes 360 lbs. of bread, or 90 quartern loaves, by fermentation, gives 408 lbs., or 102 quartern loaves, by effervescence. The loss by refining is still greater. A quarter of wheat, weighing 520 lbs., or 65 lbs. per bushel, produces 512 lbs. of meal; but these, after a course of screening, yield only 416 lbs. of flour, —a diminution of 96 lbs. or 18 per cent. Thus it appears, that a quarter of the best wheat, ground for meal, and manufactured by the simple but efficacious process now brought into notice, will give 746 lbs. of the most nutritious bread; but if converted into flour 'by officiously separating what Nature has beneficially combined,' and further reduced and deteriorated by fermentation, the product will not exceed 534 lbs., exhibiting a loss in quantity of bread, to say nothing of its inferior quality or inability to sustain life, of 212 lbs., or 106 such loaves as are usually seen in the shops and at our tables."

"The total loss by fermentation and by refining, taken together, independent of the cost of labour and machinery, is under-estimated at 25 per cent. Now, by the common computation, 18 millions of quarters of wheat are made into bread annually, in England and Wales. The annual waste of human food in these divisions of the United Kingdom, is, therefore, at the rates given, 4,500,000 quarters of wheat, equivalent to 3,357,000,000 lbs. of bread, or 8 ounces per day for every member of the community, old and young, and nearly twice the quantity usually supplied by importation, amounting in money value, at only 50*s.* per quarter, to

£11,250,000—an absolute loss to the nation, lessened only by the produce of the bran, or rather by the difference between that and the cost of labour and machinery expended in separating it. The question of economy is therefore one of much interest to the public as well as to individuals; and the illustration of it might be extended with advantage, particularly at the present time."

"The bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with refined will not. Keep a man on genuine brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the brown is made contains all the ingredients essential to the composition or nourishment of the various structures composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller, in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is therefore in all respects a waste."

Dr. Harvey goes on to say,—

"I could multiply opinions and facts, but have confined myself to a few, which I deemed absolutely necessary to assure you, and the public, of the many advantages that would result from the adoption of genuine brown bread, in place of the white bread now generally used. As to its advantages over our common brown bread, scarcely more need be said. If the authorities and facts adduced should have satisfied you of the principle advocated, I doubt not you will be willing not only to act upon it as respects yourselves, but will, without loss of time, so precious in the urgency of the

circumstances, call the attention of the Government and public to the subject. And, I would further suggest; the support and encouragement, by you and by all, of such baking establishments as may be willing to adopt the receipts and manner of preparation of the bread, as have been and may further be laid down by practical and scientific men."

The same principle "that not only as a matter of feeling, but as a matter of imperative duty, as well as economy, the upper and middle classes ought to impose the strictest regulations with regard to the consumption of the staff of life in their families," has been publicly advocated on both sides the House of Lords. An advertisement, signed by many peers of the realm, binding themselves to the same course, has appeared in the public papers. The Queen has likewise been pleased to issue her commands, "that from the date of this order, no description of flour except seconds shall be used for any purpose in her household."

APPENDIX B.

(Page 4).

Having in every case supplied model dibbles, made by W. Drummond and Sons, with a view to the greater economy of seed, and more employment, where labour was so superabundant, I transcribe (with permission) the following letter, exhibiting the striking results of dibbling tillage, as applied to the great grain crops, originally addressed to the editor of the Leinster Express.

"Though unused to obtrude my views upon the attention of the public, the very appalling circumstances in which this country is now placed by the general, and all but total failure of the potato crop, has induced me to request the insertion of some observations, accompanied by a statement, showing the very considerable advantages, present and prospective, that would have resulted from, and may yet in a great measure be obtained by the adoption of an improved system of tillage, peculiarly adapted to the present emergency.

"The people of Ireland are now suffering from an infliction that has created an extent and severity of misery and destitution hitherto unprecedented in the history of any civilised country; and by the accounts received each day, and from every district, it is quite evident that the amount and extent of the misery and destitution are increasing and extending each succeeding hour, and what at first was confined to the rural population has now spread to the tradesmen and arti-

zans, and will shortly be severely felt by the shopkeepers and merchants.

"Famine and its associates, fever and dysentery, are carrying off the population by thousands, and though the higher classes have been hitherto blessed in their freedom from the first, the latter scourges, more rapid in their spreading from the lower to the higher classes, have already caused dismay and sorrow in many families, whose inmates were far removed from want. The horrors arising from these inflictions are rendered still more awful to contemplate, by the consideration and dread that the ensuing harvest may bring no alleviation of suffering, by reason of this fact, that a great proportion, more especially in the western and poorer counties, of the hitherto occupied land, still remains uncropped and untilled; nor has any stock of compost been as usual collected.

"I would therefore most earnestly call upon all landowners and farmers, as well as upon all of every class interested in and for the safety and welfare of Ireland, to take the present circumstances of the country into instant consideration, that some measures may be adopted and carried out, by means of which the arable land now lying idle may be tilled and cropped, and the fullest possible provision made for the wants of the ensuing year; and I would solicit attention for the following statement, believing that the calculations are so framed as to exhibit results very much within the really attainable advantages. Where no two authorities were found to correspond, it was impossible to obtain such exact data as would insure freedom from error in these calculations; actual correctness is therefore neither insisted on nor pretended to; but numerous cases, showing results from the system of dibbling tillage, much higher than merely bearing out these calculations, can be brought forward and certified.

STATEMENT.

"The quantity of WHEAT grown in Ireland annually, on an average of 10 years, is about 2,500,000 quarters, or 4,285,714 barrels, of 20 stones to the barrel. This, at 7 barrels to the statute acre, would make 612,245 acres under wheat.

"To sow this number of acres would take, at 12 stones to the acre . . .	367,347 brls.
"If the like breadth of land was sown by a system of dibbling, the quantity of seed required would not be over 28 lbs. per acre, viz., 612,245 acres, at 28 lbs. per acre	61,224 brls.
"By a still more careful system of dibbling, the quantity of seed required might be lowered to 18 lbs. per acre . .	39,358 brls
"By a system of good drilling, the quantity of seed required per acre would be about 4 stones	122,449 brls.

"Thus by the most careful method of dibbling, a saving of seed to the amount shown as underneath would be attained, viz.—

"612,245 acres, at 12 stones per acre .	367,347 brls.
"612,245 acres, at 18 lbs. per acre . .	39,358 brls.
"Attaining a saving of . .	327,989 brls.

applicable to the consumption, being one half of the amount annually exported from Ireland.

"To sow the like number of acres at 28 lbs., would require 61,224 barrels, attaining a saving of 306,123 barrels.

"And to sow the same ground, by drill tillage, at 4 stones, 122,448 barrels, attaining a saving of 244,899 barrels.

"The quantity of OATS annually grown in Ireland is about 16,000,000 quarters, which, at 40 lbs. per bushel, or 320 lbs. per quarter, would be 26,122,449 barrels, at 14 stones per barrel, which, at 10 barrels per statute acre, would make 2,612,244 acres under oats.

"2,612,244 acres would require for seed, at the rate of 17 stones per acre . . 3,067,010 brls.

"If the like breadth of land was sown by careful dibbling, the quantity of seed required would not be over 28 lbs. per acre . . . . . 373,177 brls.

"Attaining a saving, applicable to the consumption of this country, of . . 2,693,833 brls. being an amount greater than the average annual export of oats from this country. This saving would of course require an increased expenditure, consequent upon the improved tillage, but which increased expenditure would be repaid by a very great increase in the acreable produce.

"By ordinary, well-conducted drill tillage, the quantity of seed required might be lowered to 4 stones per acre . . 746,354 brls.

"Attaining a saving of . . 2,320,656 brls. being still over the average annual export.

"The foregoing statement shows, if correct, that, were a system of dibble tillage generally adopted throughout Ireland, the saving on the number of acres hitherto for many years cultivated under wheat and oats, would amount to 133,897,960 lbs. of wheat and 527,991,268 lbs. of oats, together making 661,889,228 lbs., or nearly 295,482 tons of food, applicable to the consumption of this country; and it is to be borne in mind, that this saving is irrespective of barley and other crops somewhat similarly circumstanced.

"Now, most important as such a saving of seed would be, and paramount in such a time as the present, the whole amount is trifling indeed, in comparison to the extent to which such a system of tillage would add by the increased acreable produce of the ensuing harvest.

"Supposing that potatoes should not again become the staple food of this country, and that the people become henceforward a breadstuff-fed people, it would require fully three times the present breadth of land to be brought under tillage to support the population, admitting the tillage to remain as defective as it has been.

"In many parts of the western counties, hitherto producing excellent crops of potatoes, say averaging 12 tons to the acre, or 26,880 lbs., giving 73¾ lbs., or 5½ stones per day, the produce of oats per acre—with a sowing of 14 stones of seed—averages little more than 7 barrels, of 14 stones to the barrel. Now, as oats require to be of good quality to produce 112 lbs. of meal per barrel, the produce of an acre of oats would be but 784 lbs., or 2¼ lbs. per day; this very great difference of acreable produce of food must be, by some means, made up, or the population cannot be supported.

"Had the labour expended on the public roads this season, uselessly or injuriously, as regards *present* purposes of locomotion, been usefully expended on the land, under a system of dibble tillage, with its scanty proportional requiring of seed, how very different would have been the prospects of the coming season. It is, therefore, that I would so earnestly call the attention of the Government, the landowners, and of all parties interested in the safety and welfare of the country, to this most important subject.

"It is quite apparent, unless unhappily famine shall fearfully thin our population, that we shall next season require a much greater amount of produce than we ordinarily do; and

yet, notwithstanding this fact is admitted by all, a great proportion of the ground hitherto under tillage is now lying idle, without any apparent appearance of its being cropped, and this to an extent not much short of the one half of our usual extent of land under tillage.

"I am, very respectfully,

"WILLIAM TODHUNTER."

"Dublin, 9th of 3rd mo. 1847."

The same party, under a later date, writes,—

"Though a very warm advocate for dibbling under certain circumstances, yet I do not so strongly recommend it where the ground is rich and well cultivated. But under the peculiar circumstances of our country last year, it was most unfortunate, and deeply to be regretted, that the system was not generally adopted. Had it been, no one solitary acre of the counties of Donegal, Londonderry, Leitrim, Mayo, Galway, Clare, Cork or Kerry, need have been uncropped, while as it is, part of some, and a great portion of the others, still remain unsown; and of the portions actually cropped, the tilling, as well as the sowing, are equally insufficient.

"The difference of the result, had the plan proposed by me been adopted, would have amounted to a quantity of food four times, at least, greater than all the imports we can possibly obtain from all quarters, for the past, present, and coming year."

APPENDIX C

(Page 29).

To show that these fearful anticipations have been but too fatally realized, I transcribe the following from the rector of the parish.

"Belmullet, 4th May, 1847.

"The people themselves, heaps upon heaps, are dying; it is said the third of them will not survive; and upon sober calculation, I should say fully one half must sink under a calamity unparalleled in the memory of man. What you witnessed was but trifling to the awful state we are now reduced to; and notwithstanding the aid afforded us by the British Association,—and it is great,—the mortality and pestilential disease seem only to be on the increase.

"Yours very faithfully,

"SAML. STOCK."

George S. Bourns says, Rossport, 19th May,—

"They are dying,—absolutely dying,—over their spades. They try to work, yet from exhaustion are not able. . . . The number of deaths each day, within four or five miles of this, is fearful in the extreme. . . . . The people were in an awful state when you visited Mayo,—they are *much worse now.*"

The distress did not appear so raging in the neighbourhood of Ballycastle as in some other

districts, when we were there. The following exhibits the downward progress since.

"Mount Glen, Ballycastle, Killala,
"19th May, 1847.

"As you expressed a wish to know how the poor may be getting on in this locality, I beg to inform you, that poverty and real distress is considerably on the increase, since I last had the pleasure of writing to you. It is truly awful to contemplate the condition of the starving poor at this moment; they are dying fast, through actual want. It is impossible to supply the one half of the applicants for relief, with the scanty funds at my disposal. They are coming to my place in crowds every day, with imploring cries for one morsel of food. It is truly heart-rending to witness the scenes of awful destitution which present themselves every moment in the day. I earnestly entreat, if you have any influence with any of the benevolent societies in England, that you will try and induce them to send more relief to these poor creatures. . . . . My son will furnish you, in a short time, with a list of the distributions of the seeds. The number of applicants were so many, that he had to give it out in small quantities. The poor farmers seem most anxious to obtain the seed; he could not supply half the applicants, notwithstanding that he gave it sparingly. He would consider it troublesome to ask for more seed. . . . . I applied in another quarter for some, but have had no reply.

"Yours very sincerely,
"JOHN FAUSSETT, J.P."

The safe receipt of the bale of clothing, "to the inexpressible delight of the poor people," has since

been acknowledged. A copy of the above letter I thought it best immediately to forward to the Central Committee in Dublin, who I have reason to believe will be able to support the application, from the grant of seeds now placed at their disposal by the liberality of the Government.

The following touching picture, from another quarter, of the *effect* of daily witnessing these scenes, upon the feeling mind, is from a letter to a friend.

"Achill Sound, 26th May, 1847.

"Since I wrote you last I find myself almost a changed being. The *scenes of death and misery* which I daily witness are now to me a mere matter of course, and although I go beyond my means to relieve the sufferers, yet there is a cold iron stiffness in my heart which I cannot account for. I pay an immense district of labourers weekly, and as I drive along near Westport, Newport, and other places, the assembled hundreds that are watching here and there to meet their paymaster present an appearance truly wretched. Other paymasters go *armed, and with an escort of police.* I travel without fire-arms or police,—often at night from Westport home,—*and am perfectly safe.* I make this remark merely to show that in whatever situation of life we are placed, to read the character of the persons we have to deal with, and act a straightforward independent part, will in the end be better than arms.

"This country is now in its last struggle. Fever and starvation go hand in hand. Many respectable persons have fallen victims. Many are sick. To draw a picture would

fail me. . . . . I have not time to write any more; crowds are around my house at this moment."

APPENDIX D.

(Page 71).

The following is the description of the state of the island of Arranmore, by eye-witnesses, published so long ago as the middle of last winter.

"In consequence of the expressed anxiety of many friends, as well as in accordance with what we conceived to be a duty, we visited Arranmore—the largest and most populous (it contains about 1,500 inhabitants) of the group of islands off the north-west coast of Donegal—on Wednesday, the 13th of January, to ascertain, by personal investigation, how far the report of disease and great destitution, said to be existing there, was founded on fact.

"Apprehending that there might be ample foundation for such a report, we went into the island provided with the means of administering some relief, both to the sick and hungry.

"That our apprehensions were well grounded, the following cases, met with in our walk, may prove. We shall merely premise, that most of the cabins we visited were small, smoky, dark and loathsome; destitute of the meanest articles of furniture—the solitary chest being frequently applied to the

varied uses of table, chair, and dresser; the whole arrangements of the hovels, in many instances, resembling more the wretched resources of savage life than those which might be expected to be found within the precincts of a civilised nation.

"Jack Connaghan, of Libranagh, has a family consisting of ten persons, his wife having a child on the breast, three weeks old. The entire group, crouched around an indifferent fire, presented a picture of unqualified misery. The father does not possess a single four-footed animal, cannot obtain any employment whatever, and the whole family (excepting the infant) had not partaken of anything, save sea-weed, during the forty-eight hours previous.

"Condy Molloy, of Libranagh, aged seventy, his wife, of the same age, and both infirm, with one daughter, have existed on 'BARNAGHS' (or Limpets) for the last fortnight, and are now scarcely able to move from consequent exhaustion.

"Widow Connaghan, of Libranagh, does not possess any money, has a family of five, the eldest child about eleven years old. The widow was preparing a large potful of sea-weed (*called Doolamis*) as we entered her cabin, and assured us, that upon such she and her children had existed three days. When we inquired if she had not some meal in the house, she exhibited about half-a-pound, tied carefully up in a *nightcap*, which she said she had got from a neighbour 'for God's sake.'

"John Gallagher, of Ballintra, has eight of a family, none of whom had tasted food that day; one of the children was apparently *dying of starvation;* the wasted mother had a child on the breast, six months old, not so large as the infant of a month.

"Widow Mooney, of Ballintra, with a family of seven daughters and one son, has not any meal, or other provisions in the house, nor the means of procuring them. The son observed, that he must leave the island, and, 'like the dogs, provide for himself.'

"Denis Connaghan, of Ballintra, with his family of six, has existed during the previous two days on one naggin of meal, which he borrowed; and three days prior to that, they had eaten nothing but Doolamin, which produced violent diarrhœa, from which they are now suffering.

"Connell Gallagher, with a family of six, has existed for the last fortnight on five pounds of meal, helped out, of course, by sea-weed and limpets. The wasted form of the father, and the still more reduced appearance of the children, testified to the truth of his terrible statement.

"Widow Mooney, with five orphans—her husband and one child had been buried the day before our visit. That they died of starvation we readily believed, as the widow asserted there had not been *any food whatever* in the house for several days. The children, even under their fresh affliction, presented a gaunt, unmeaning, vacant stare, characteristic of inanition; their very lips having become blanched and shrivelled from prolonged destitution.

"Hugh Boyle, of Gort-Car, has a family of nine. He and his daughter were *lying in the same bed* ill of dysentery. Previously to one of us entering this house, it was intimated that the man's son *had fever*, and shared the *identical apartment*. On its being asked where he was—for the room was too dark, for a person coming in from the light of day, to observe him—the sick father pointed to a corner. The blankets being removed from about his son's head, the fetid stench that issued forth was overpowering; and there is little reason

to expect that this young man can survive under the multiplied evils he is exposed to. This is a specimen of the many cases of fever and dysentery that prevail on the island.

"Daniel Boyle, of Fallagowan, having a family of twelve, all living in a very confined cabin, is not able, from want of food, to go out fishing. He tried it one day, and was obliged to return, owing to hunger and weakness.

"James Gallagher has a family of eight. When we were on the island we believed him to be in the agonies of death. His son told us that the family had not eaten anything for the forty-eight hours previous, but a few spoonsful of barley-meal, given to them by a neighbour woman.

"Denis Gallagher has eight of a family—his wife dropsical. In their chest about half-a-stone of meal was found by us. On inquiry, we ascertained that it had been purchased the evening before; the sum with which it was bought being the produce of *four days' labour, at four-pence a-day.*

"Edward Gallagher, of Leabgarrow, whose family consisted of six, had his arm broken. The appearance of the children was wonderfully similar; their prominent jaw-bones and sunken cheeks fearfully indicating the progress of starvation. A very sickly infant sat up in its cot, whilst we remained in the house; the face was deadly pale; it was endeavouring, with a beseeching look and melancholy whine, to attract the attention of its anxious mother, who was heedless to it for a moment, in her anxiety to secure our sympathy for her famishing offspring. Long will it be ere the anguish of that infant's languid eye, expressive only of mortal agony, will fade from our memory.

"The bounty of some charitable persons enabled us to issue tickets for about half-a-ton of Indian meal: the number of applicants was vast, but it was only the most awfully destitute

amongst them we could help. In order, therefore to dole out our supply the more extensively, we determined to give but one stone of meal to any individual, except in very dreadful cases; yet, so irresistible was the eagerness to gain even such a trifling quantity, that, though the people were under the conviction (and they are generally very timorous) that a man and child had died of an infectious disease, a couple of days before, in a house we stood in, they, notwithstanding, crowded about us for tickets; and, to give additional weight to the force of this statement, we may add, that they crossed the sea, a distance of four miles, the next day, *though it was rough and stormy*, for the sake of the *one single* stone of meal.

"We were particularly struck by the number of *widows*, many of them having lost their husbands by drowning, which rendered the bereavement the more ruinous, on account of the sudden destruction thus brought upon them.

"It was no wonder that the biscuits we took in were eagerly seized and ravenously devoured, for, in the minute scrutiny we made through the cabins, the only articles of food we discovered were—half-a-stone of meal, the half-pound tied up in a nightcap, and about a stook of unthrashed barley.

"The island itself exhibits one uniform scene of unmitigated desolation, not a single stack of corn having been observed by us far or near, throughout those parts of it which we visited; in some places, the land had been dug over *three times*, in the hope of procuring an occasional potato.

"While *all* the inhabitants are manifestly drooping from the effects of famine, *many* are lying in fever; and it is grievous to think, that the poorhouse—the last refuge of the destitute—appears to be the nursery from which disease is disseminated throughout the district, so that it is dreaded and fled from as a literal pesthouse. Employment is not to be

had, nor are public works going on in the island; and it is altogether impossible that the islanders could daily attend work on the main land, owing to the intervening sea passage.

"In sincerely calmly reviewing and reflecting upon the harrowing and revolting incidents that were crowded into our hurried walk through *but a part* of the island, and on a short winter's day, we feel astonished and dismayed at the accumulation of misery that presented itself to us; and we mourn as we persuade ourselves, that such afflictions are but the shadows of things to come, and the beginning of unutterable sorrows.

"VAL. POLE GRIFFITH,
"*Officiating Minister.*

"G. FRAZER BRADY,
"*Medical Superintendent of the District.*

"Templecrone Glebe, Dungloe, County Donegal,
"Jan. 19, 1847."

See also George Hancock's account of his visit, in the 'Dublin Reports,' No. 2, page 10-11, and in the 'Friend,' No. 52, page 76.

APPENDIX E.

(Page 124).

Since the text was written, the man whose name has occupied more space in the country than any other, both within the walls of Parliament, and without among the people,—the man of unquestionably the greatest moral influence upon the minds of his countrymen since the days of Napoleon,—Daniel O'Connell, has been gathered to his fathers. How differently was this influence employed! The party interests that cramp and sway their minds, and the personalities of our great men, interfere too much with each other to allow them to do one another justice while living. But it is the English nature to sink the errors and failings of those who are gone. Daniel O'Connell has raised himself from one of the furthest corners of the land; and in estimating his personal character, the only question worth asking is,—whether he was habitually found on the side of the injured and oppressed? Did he, throughout a long and laborious life, advocate the great principles of freedom, right, and justice, or did he not? And accordingly let his memory live, or his monument be engraved.

APPENDIX F.

(Page 128).

In reference to the destitution of Kenmare, the following has since been received from the clergyman of the united parishes. After acknowledging, in very grateful terms, the aid in food afforded by the Central Relief Committee, on a direct application, he goes on to say,—

"I fear I am justified in stating, that the amount of destitution and sickness has been on the increase instead of the decrease since you were here. This fact that I am now about to relate bears me out, I think, in forming this opinion; and I state the circumstance on the authority of Captain Herbert, the Government Inspector of our Relief Committee, viz.—that out of a population of 7,580, in the parish of Tuosist, there are 6,000 receiving out-door relief. This is that parish through a part of which I accompanied you in your car the day you left Kenmare; and out of a population of 5,000, in the parish of Kenmare, over 2,000 are receiving out-door relief. This is an alarming amount of pauperism to exist in a parish,—nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Union reduced to absolute want, and obliged to be fed gratuitously by the Government. Fever prevails in almost every cabin; the interior of each as wretched and more so than the house you visited with me in Kenmare. The deaths from starvation are perhaps not so numerous, but numbers are being daily swept off from the fatal complaints. Another sad feature in the

picture is, that a considerable part of the land lies waste. On this point I am disposed to hope that you may be enabled to confer a great benefit upon the country; for if I recollect right, I think you said, that one object of your visit to Ireland was to assist distressed localities with a supply of turnip and parsnip seeds. When you were here, there was then plenty of time to have cropped the land with barley, and we were in daily expectation of a considerable grant of barley seed being sent into the country. I regret to say that we have been disappointed in that expectation, and now it is vain to hope for barley, as it is almost too late to sow that grain. Turnips I believe are now the only crop that can be sown. It is rather late for the best description of turnip, the Swedish, though I have had them very good that I sowed in the first week in June. If you can still hold out any hope of assisting us with a supply, however small, of turnip seed,—the yellow or purple-top Aberdeen I should like to get,—you will confer a vast benefit upon us, for which we shall be ever grateful.

"Yours faithfully,

"CHAS. P. THOMAS."

"Kenmare, 15th May, 1847."

Being an extension of the journey, our seeds were exhausted when we reached Kenmare. But I had much pleasure in immediately ordering two hundred weight of turnip seed, in reply to the above, from additional means most seasonably furnished by a friend.

APPENDIX G.

(Page 141).

On the deteriorating effects of gratuitous and compulsory relief, the following portion of a letter from a gentleman referred to in these pages, and holding the position of Deputy Lord Lieutenant of the County, addressed to the Sub-committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin, is emphatic.

"St. Ernan's, Donegal, 22nd May, 1847.

"The gratuitous relief given under the new plan has certainly saved many lives, which would have fallen victims to famine had no aid been given; but it is a fearful thing to see hundreds of able-bodied men, willing to work, lounging in discontented idleness round the soup-kitchens, while thousands of acres are lying in a comparative state of unproductiveness, for want of the labour of those men being applied to them. The demoralization increases, and every day that the compulsory idleness continues the demoralization takes a deeper root, and throws up a more luxuriant growth of sin and shame.

"You will be glad to hear that my agricultural improvement-works promise well; and in a visit I made, a few days ago, to a wild and remote district, where my son labours (Fintown), I saw luxuriant corn crops on land eight months ago not worth 2*d.* an acre, and this to a very considerable extent. The tone and expression, and whole bearing of the few hundred men employed by us, is quite different from the

miserable, dejected, yet impudent look of the crowds degraded at the soup-kitchens. You will understand me as not speaking against *any* gratuitous relief, but as deprecating the system which makes *no attempt* to cause or encourage useful employment, but, on the contrary, *taxes* it for the benefit of non-employing owners and farmers of land, and of non-working paupers. I look upon the madness that leads to legislation of this nature as *the* curse we are suffering under, and not the failure of the poor potato. The kind of aid you send is, however, both needful and a blessing. May it prove a blessing indeed, a gift twice blessed, to the giver and to the receivers!

"I am, yours faithfully,

"JOHN HAMILTON."

APPENDIX H.

(Page 143).

See the Speech of Samuel Tuke, at the Meeting on the condition of Ireland, reported in the 'Friend' and 'British Friend' of the present month.

EDWARD NEWMAN, Printer, 9, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate.